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Vol. CLVI No. 2036 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC JANUARY 28 1939

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STATEMENT OF ACCOUNTS

December 31, 1938

Liabilities

	£
Capital paid up	15,158,621
Reserve Fund	12,410,609
Current, Deposit and other Accounts	464,249,757
Acceptances and Confirmed Credits	8,734,236
Engagements	8,483,612

Assets

	£	£
Coin, Notes and Balances with Bank of England ...		53,651,380
Balances with, and Cheques on other Banks ...		17,813,029
Money at Call and Short Notice		25,089,239
Investments at or under market value ...		118,869,021
Bills Discounted:		
British Treasury Bills	27,035,202	
Other Bills	21,463,608	48,498,810
Advances and other Accounts		209,255,066
Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances, Confirmed Credits and Engagements ...		17,217,848
Bank Premises and other Properties		9,689,274
Shares in Yorkshire Penny Bank Ltd.		937,500
Investments in Affiliated Companies:		
Belfast Banking Co. Ltd....		1,795,836
The Clydesdale Bank Ltd.		3,195,114
North of Scotland Bank Ltd.		2,579,843
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Each breath you take in this way will assist Nature to throw off infection. You feel the benefit immediately—respiration becomes easier, the bronchial passages are cleared, head stuffiness vanishes and the whole system is stimulated to increased resistance.

SAFETY Vapex is perfectly harmless. It contains no habit-forming drugs which require increased dosage to obtain effect. It does not merely "bottle up" the germs—it helps you to get rid of them safely. Vapex has a natural action—assisting the body to repel cold germs without affecting the delicate membranes of the nose and throat.

Use Vapex as a protection against colds and 'flu. Office-workers, school-children, cinema-goers all need Vapex as a safeguard from germs, which are particularly rife in closed rooms, offices, etc.

A single sprinkling on the handkerchief will last all day, because Vapex has the unusual property of gaining strength when exposed to the air.

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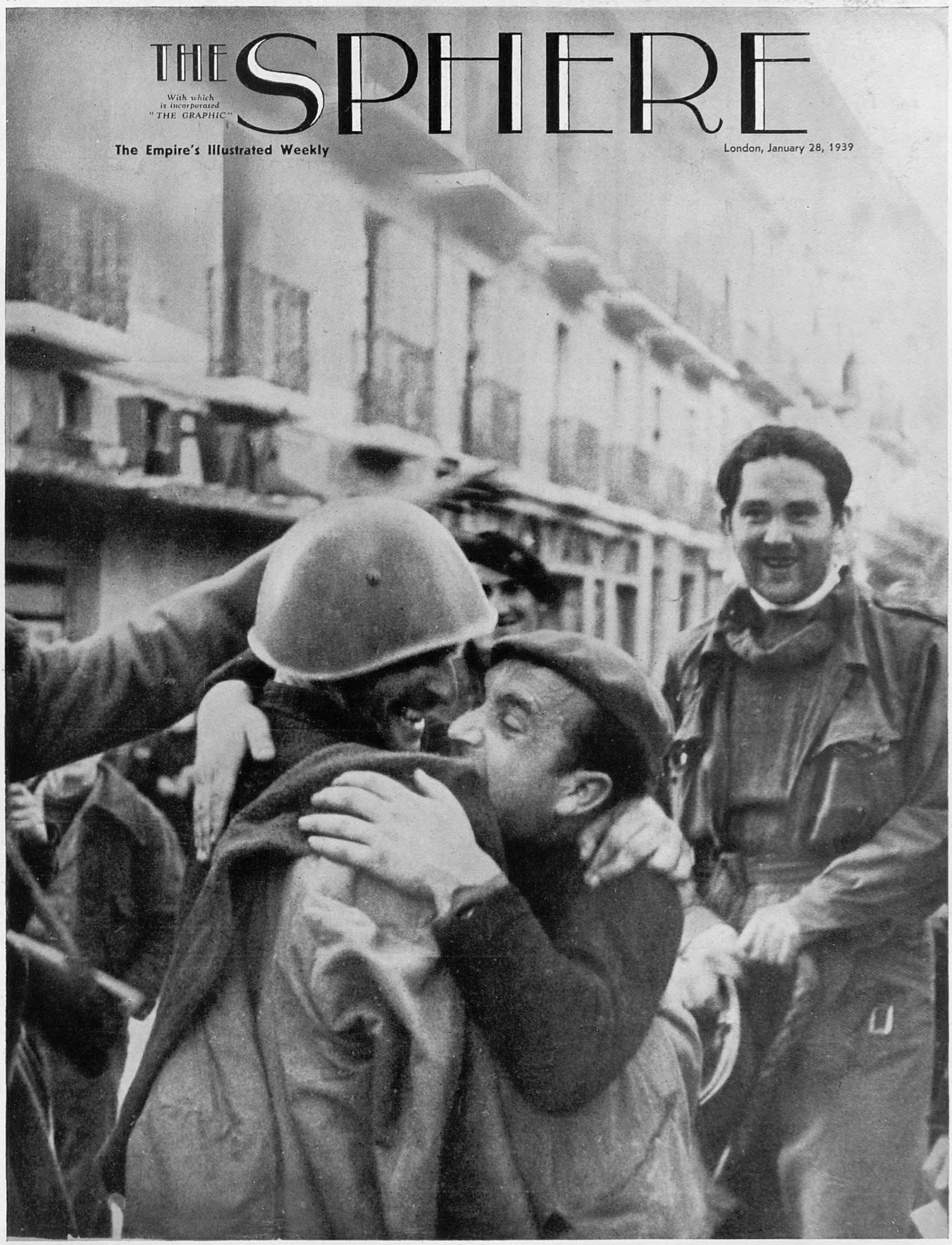
London, January 28, 1939



BROTHER MEETS BROTHER IN CAPTURED TARRAGONA

A Poignant Reunion of the Spanish Civil War: The Steel-Helmeted Insurgent Greets the Prisoner from the Government Army with whom He Once Shared the Same Home

When one man's hand is against another's war is tragic enough, but when brother fights brother and cousin fights cousin the wound is infinitely deeper, the scar more bitterly lasting, as witness the cleavage between north and south in America in the 60's of the last century and the internecine struggle in China that preceded Japan's present onslaught upon a weakened state. Spain, where the war has dragged on since July, 1936, has been rent as no other nation in modern times, and whether or no victory is now within the grasp of General Franco does not really settle her future, for only a truly sympathetic peace can solve the peninsula's problem. In this dramatic picture, taken on January 15 after the insurgent army had entered Tarragona, historic city and keypoint on the road to Barcelona, we see two brothers at the moment of accidental reunion, the one a soldier in the service of Franco, the other a prisoner from the Government forces. For the moment political enmity is forgotten; linking them is the tie of blood. Many may feel that the picture is symbolic of the way Spain herself could best set differences aside

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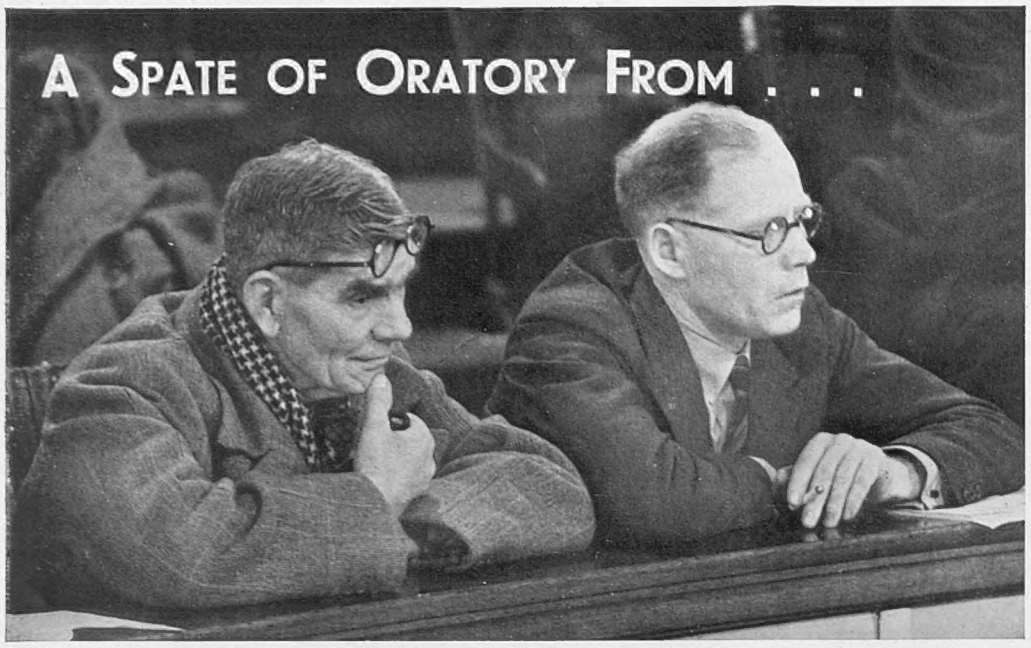


THE FARMERS: Just lately the farmers of Britain have been doing some straight talking, and not without good reason, so parlous is the state of agriculture. These two farmers were pictured last week at St. George's Hall as they listened to a spate of oratory at the annual meeting of the National Farmers' Union when they discussed the situation arising from Mr. J. F. Wright's withdrawal from the East Norfolk by-election on receiving assurances from the Government that something would really be done for agriculture

LEADING LIGHTS OF THE N.F.U.: Mr. George Gibbard (left), president of the National Farmers' Union, and Mr. T. Peacock (president-elect) seen on arriving to attend the union's annual meeting in London. Referring to the withdrawal in East Norfolk the president said that "Mr. Wright had probably won as fine a victory as if he had been nominated and won the poll"

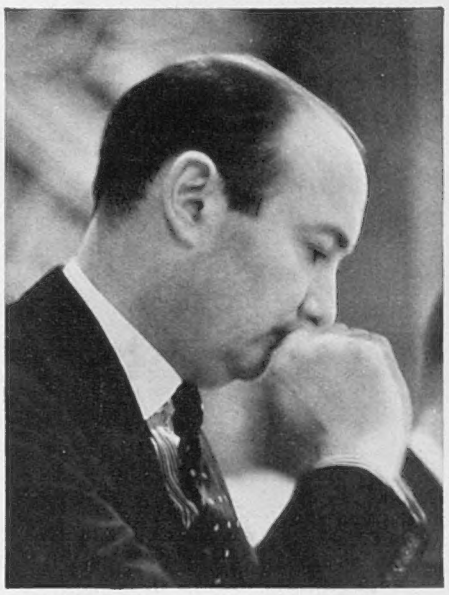
32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C.4
Wednesday, January 25, 1939.

EXPLOSIONS.—I have often said that one may be pardoned for feeling a little melancholy in January. The uplift following the birth of the new baby is always short-lived. It is followed by the reckoning, the Christmas bills, the renewal of licences, taxpaying and so on. And January weather . . . I fancy our latest is something worse than a fair sample. Gales which won't blow themselves out, rain that makes floods, hot, stifling, misty mornings and sharp ground frost at night and back to rain and gales. Explosions also in Heaven and on Earth . . . Unless those mysterious explosions of "infernal machines" in London, Manchester and Birmingham, all apparently due to a single agency or organisation, were calculated finally to undermine our morale, weakened by colds, 'flu and the vileness of the weather, the chosen time was singularly ill-chosen. For we are in a brief holiday from major crisis, we are enjoying a breathing space, and should normally be less inclined to respond to the "suggestion"—whatever it may be—of these outrages. At a moment of piping crisis, the protest had been more widely effective. Perhaps the hour chosen holds the key to the mystery. There have been plenty of arrests, but the mystery remains to be solved. I said only last week how constantly surprised I am at the importance which quite sensible and experienced people attach to deputations, protests, marches and resolutions, aimed to guide or alter the policy of ministers. I might add "outrages" to the list. How ineffective a weapon they are. How often do they explode in the wrong direction and hoist their own cause!

HATE—AND THE PEOPLES OF EUROPE.—"On behalf of our 50,000 members and in the certainty of rightly interpreting the feelings of the Italian people, we protest energetically against the ignoble, provocative article of the Roman paper, *Il Tevere*, entitled 'We spit on France.' . . . The Italian people . . . reject this criminal campaign waged on the friendly relations with France." That was a statement published by the Italian Popular Union and Ex-Service Men on January 14. It caught my eye like a patch of blue in a black sky. It confirms so much that I and many others have felt to be the truth; the truth, and the grain of hope for civilisation. The dictators *can* control their presses, which democracies cannot. When the dictators inspire or wink at these press campaigns of hate in their countries, they are doing something which the bulk of their peoples deplore, detest, and fear. The peoples of Europe do not want these campaigns of hate against old friends, they want peace, conciliation, security, a chance to live again the rational life of civilised men. They admire and obey their leaders, but their hearts are not in this hateful policy of newspaper blackmail. Some day, perhaps, the voice of the peoples will be heard above the catcalls of hate and we shall make progress despite the dictators or their minions.

SPAIN.—Franco's desperate effort to end the civil war in his favour continues. It is impossible not to feel now that some sort of end is brought on to the table of possible events in 1939, and that those powers who support in various ways, practical and moral, the Nationalist cause, feel their hopes rising once more, especially since "the other side" adheres so faithfully to the principle of non-intervention. On the Tarragona front Franco's grip has tightened. The elaborate defences, which cost so much and which defended the key position of Montblanch, once abandoned, Tarragona fell, and the Artesa–Tarragona road was entirely in Franco's hands. General Franco by January 17 controlled half Catalonia and his troops had entered the "virgin soil" of Barcelona Province. The serious position stimulated the Government side to a last desperate resistance. Every available man, woman and youth have been called up in a national levée. The Republican successes on the Estremadura front were real, though their importance as a means of diverting Franco's available forces on the vital Tarragona front was exaggerated. Barcelona seems fated to fall within a fortnight. Something seems at last likely to come of this desperate struggle, something more than another sit-down or stalemate. For if Franco should fail again, the Nationalists are more likely to listen to reason and to remember Spain as a whole, especially since Franco's big allies will be pouring in personnel and arms to ensure his victory at last. And if he succeed, the peace of Europe may hang largely on his patriotism, his restraint, and his statesmanship.

REARMAMENT EVILS.—Rearmament is an evil so patent that nothing can whitewash it but the necessity to be strong for defence. That is a commonplace. Its major evils are that, as history proves time and again, it does more than even glaring national injustices or the greedy aims of autocrats, to make war "inevitable." Its domestic evils are usually declared by Governments sponsoring rearmament to be avoidable and they give firm pledges to prevent them. So said our Government. Rearmament was not to send the cost of living soaring; it was not to suffer a new class of profiteers to arise. But both these evils are in evidence. Many signs prove it, whatever statistics may say. The cost of coal has risen and necessitated a large increase in the price of current in the central London area, and of gas. The cost of metals has risen, with its effect on household commodities. The housewife can cite a number of instances in which she pays more as a result of rearmament. Transport fares are rising, too. And profiteering? It may be that a new label is necessary for the new rich who are in evidence. There is plenty of money to spend by those whose factories have been taken over, plenty of money being made by those who have had the wit to corner what the armament and government factories need. Ask in the luxury shops, the milliners and dressmakers who are fitting out in splendour the wives and daughters of the new rich. . . . *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose.*



THE BANKERS: This is the bank meeting season and on January 19 the ball was set rolling by Barclays when shareholders forgathered to hear Mr. Edwin Fisher discourse on the trade outlook which he viewed with a certain degree of optimism despite international uncertainties. Wisely, however, he indulged in few prophecies. *Left*—Mr. L. E. Bevan listening to the chairman's remarks. *Centre*—Mr. Fisher delivering his speech. *Right*—A shareholder studies some of the significant facts and figures of the year

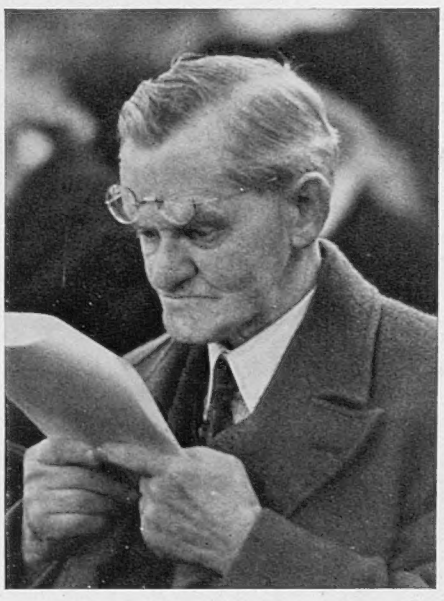
STARVATION IN CHINA.—Occasionally a sentence casually read in a newspaper brings home to us, preoccupied with our not-very-trifling anxieties and problems, the plight of infinitely unhappier folk. Nothing but concentrated publicity can keep vividly before our eyes in these anxious days the agonies of the world beyond. Lord Baldwin's fund has had that publicity of late. The persecution of the Jews has been constantly in our minds as a result of the outbursts from the press of the democratic states. Spain is day by day a news item which serves to remind us of the state of that unhappy land. But the Far East is farther away, the vast spaces of China are obscure enough even when the limelight plays fitfully on the war there. I read the other day that the secretary of the British Fund for Relief of Distress in China estimated that 60,000,000 people are destitute and starving in China. That represents in numbers the entire population of these islands. The fund amounts to £160,000. Sixty million don't go into £160,000, not for the purposes of relieving starvation. Add two noughts to the end of the relief fund total and still it don't go. The hopelessness of the effort to relieve that multi-mass agony is the measure of the problem's immensity. But still . . . . the fund's headquarters is at 121, Westbourne Terrace, W.2. The organisers thankfully receive old clothes as well as money.

SIR HUGHE KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.—I guarantee that most people would make one mistake at least if they backed themselves to quote correctly one stanza of Gray's "Elegy." I have often tested it. And most people would make one mistake if they backed themselves to spell Sir Hughe's full name correctly. He is now succeeding Sir Percy Loraine at Angora and was an obvious choice. He has been employed at the Foreign Office since his enforced resignation of the Embassy to China. I heard him say that a very good prescription for toning-up and curing the ills of middle-age was to be taken out for a ride in a car and to get shot-up by Japanese airmen. He implied that after his repairs and rest cure following his wounding he felt better than he had been for years. He is young still, only fifty-two, and doubtless still has one or more important posts ahead of him. Angora is important enough.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

SWISS NATIONAL EXHIBITION: ZÜRICH.—On May 6 the great Swiss National Exhibition opens at Zürich, a city which somehow never fails to cheer and charm. The everlasting, snow-capped mountains, the great blue lake round which the city is built, its walks and forest paths, its baths and gardens, its colour and sunshine and cheerful architecture, all contribute to make it the pessimist's Waterloo, perhaps because its water is said to be a sovereign remedy for a sluggish liver and a cure for dyspepsia. It is a charming, beautiful city, where you get the best of music, because the people are musical. Wagner found that out. The hotels are first-rate and some of the restaurants not inferior to the best at The Hague or in Paris. The Exhibition will be a very fine sight and immensely interesting. It will display Swiss industry in every sphere. An exhibition that is to be a mirror of Swiss life and character has an especial appeal to us just now. Because, if you come to think of it, the Swiss State to-day must be the envy of so many sadder and not wiser neighbours.

A HAPPY LAND.—Here is a country which has secured the ideal for which so many peoples, walking in darkness, sigh in vain. She has always been



what she is, a federal commonwealth, created not from above, not after the reigns of tyrants, oligarchs or even kings, but created from the parish upward, a unique growth. There in her clear air, among her blue lakes and snow mountains, her green valleys and wooded hills, she lives a life of sanity, having a measure of security denied to all her neighbours, seeking nothing that is not hers, pursuing no schemes of aggrandisement. She holds in her hand the jewel we have lost and grope for in the dark—peace and security to pursue the arts of peace and the sweets of human life. How she must laugh in her sleeve at all of us and our absurd institutions and what has come of them! She provides Europe with its playground, not its cockpit. She lives a life of dignity, never having bothered her head with titles of nobility, medals and orders. And a life of ease and peace not won (for it never can be) with the sword. . . . I confess that Zürich in May tempts me very strongly. There are things here which statesmen might learn as well as industrialists, farmers and common folk. For it is one of those rare countries to-day where liberty, tolerance and peace can exist together and need not to be constantly maintained with intolerable sacrifices and increasing anxiety. If you have not yet planned your summer holiday, plump for Zürich and take all your equipment with you for an ideal open-air, sun-bathing, lake-haunting, mountaineering life. You will combine business with pleasure, instruction with recreation, and health and optimism will be thrown in free.

NAZISM AND COMMUNISM.—Hitler and his tremendous regime arose to save Germany from the menace of Communism. The dismissal of Dr. Schacht from the Reichsbank and the appointment to supreme control of Herr Funk has made clearer the present policy of Hitler National Socialism in the economic field. Herr Funk is dictator-controller under Hitler of the Reich's banking system and the money market. His instructions are to work economic and financial miracles, to keep wages and prices "on an even keel" and to make the resources of the money market, hitherto reserved for Government loans, stand the strain also of financing industrial enterprise. (The times are not favourable for industrial enterprise anywhere and it is the dictators who create the jitters.) Every obstruction, be it human being or otherwise, has been cleared away for the driving full steam ahead of the Nazi economic theory. The chief article in this creed is that an expansion of credit does not involve inflation, where that expansion is covered not by gold but by capacity to work and to produce at a rate which keeps exact pace with credit expansion. Such theories are beyond my comprehension, but one fact emerges: it is devilish difficult to see wherein the economic policy of Nazism differs from that of the "poisonous" Communism which Nazism was born to destroy.

MR. BENNETT.—Mr. R. B. Bennett has been taking his farewells of Canada before coming to settle for the rest of his life in England. As most people know, he has acquired a small country house near enough to London. It must be a rare thing for a Dominion statesman to settle in retirement in England. I suppose twenty Englishmen settle in Canada (mostly on the Pacific coast) for every one Canadian who settles in England. Whether in Canada or England, Mr. Bennett is a great asset to Empire. The Crown, the Empire and Democracy have had no better friend than he, in and out of office. He has backed Mr. Chamberlain's policy in particular and in general and always has urged the vital importance to Canada of remaining firm in the tradition of Democracy and in allegiance to the symbol of Empire. From those articles of his creed he has never wavered. He has scores of warm friends and admirers in England from among men and women who have had to do with the great Dominion and there will be no ice for him to break (unless his house be badly plumbed) when he settles down in England.

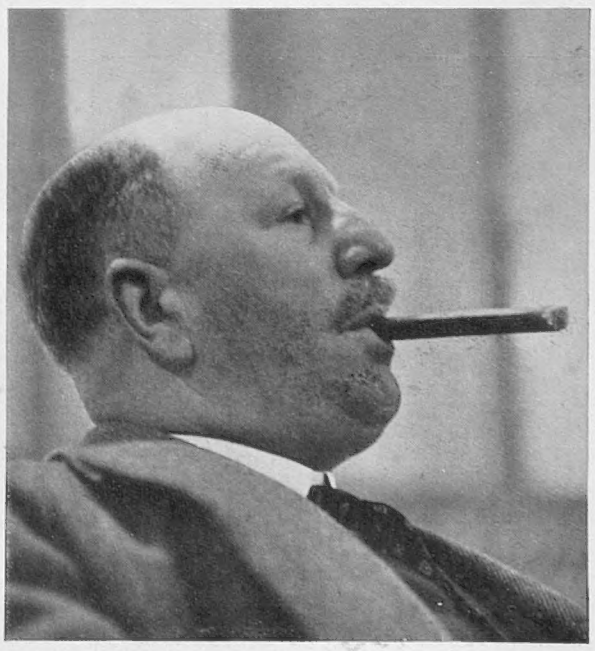
FASHIONS IN THEFT.—Among the items in one week's return of articles stolen were: Adam chimney-pieces, 6; Alligators (live), 2. The chimney-pieces gouged out of their settings in the Metropolitan area are still missing. The alligators (deceased) were exhibits in Court when their theft was investigated. Here are strange fancies in theft. I have always supposed that the profession of receiver or "fence" required both nerve and patience, and these crimes seem to confirm my opinion. Yet the police hint that the profitable theft of Adam chimney-pieces is by no means a "lock-up" investment (in either sense of the term). They hint that the gang who took these Adam masterpieces (who are still at large) have already successfully stolen and disposed of nearly 100. It is odd to think that perhaps fifty honest householders in the States and perhaps in this country are warming their hands or posteriors in front of stolen goods, while they boast to their envious and admiring friends of their artistic acumen in picking up antiques. I suppose the market, if in truth the sale of these antiques is swift and profitable, must be overseas. It would be a bold receiver who would endeavour to sell in this country such *recognisable* goods soon after their theft. How they are got out of the country is another problem not yet cleared up.

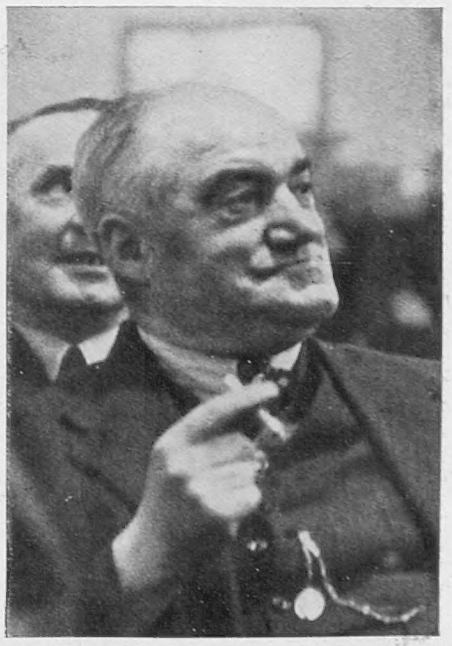
POSING MINISTERS.—I know that publicity is all important and that without it nothing can be done to pierce the thick skull of the masses, and insinuate an idea. For this reason respectable premiers have consented to star in films depicting their cabinet's doings. But "illustrated interviews" with ministers are a new feature of ministerial life, and I confess I dislike it. The "Leslies" of the Cabinet have taken the lead. Mr. Belisha began it. Better than any professional, better than George Robey of the mobile face, Mr. Belisha at the War Office showed himself to the public in a dozen poses, featuring "purpose," "grit," "vision," and so on. And now Mr. Burgin, with immense hand spread out and lips pursed, proclaims his latest plans for mobilising road vehicles in war time. Are these expedients necessary? Must ministers of state don the buskin and grease-paint to succeed in their high offices? Must they posture and pose, bow and mow, before the press camera to achieve their ends? It is very undignified, whether necessary or no.

THE ALL-FOOD FRUIT.—No banana has been eaten in Russia for twenty years. Now the citizens of Moscow, if they can pay the price (1s. 6d. a lb.) and endure waiting in the queues, can get their teeth into bananas again. The all-food fruit, which some enjoy and many detest, has been imported at last from Colombia. A press correspondent adds a picturesque detail. A few years ago a few bananas were imported to feed a sick monkey at the Moscow Zoo. But the monkey died before the elixir arrived. The Soviet authorities can no longer repeat with any truth that Semitic trade slogan: "Yeth, we have no bananas."

"THE DEAN OF CHRIST CHURCH, SIR."—There are apparently about forty "candidates" for the Deanery of Christ Church—candidates official, candidates of rumour and gossip, and candidates of wild speculation. I have heard a score of names mentioned among the probables. I fancy Dr. David, Bishop of Liverpool, stands highest in local expectation. But other brother Bishops run him close, Bishop Paget of Southern Rhodesia, Bishop Parker of Pretoria, and Bishop Talbot of Nottingham, some of them with surnames to swear by in Oxford. Then there is the Very Rev. W. R. Matthews of St. Paul's. I nap Dr. David, with Dr. Talbot the danger.

THE OLD STAGER



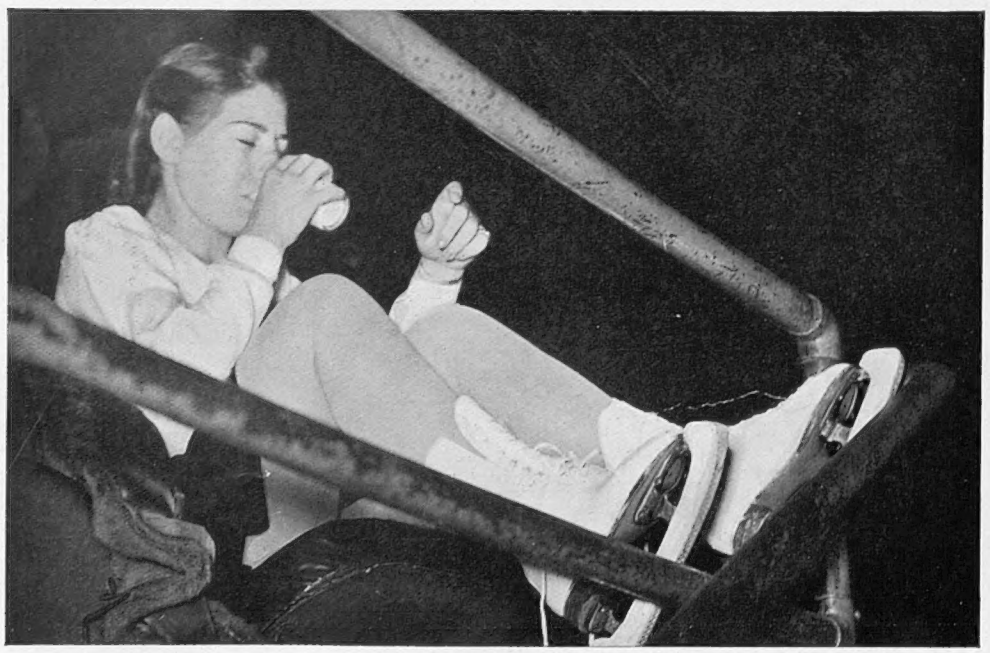


THE SHOWMEN: Between 200 and 300 travelling showmen from all parts of the country forgathered at Caxton Hall last week when the Showmen's Guild of Great Britain and Ireland held its jubilee annual meeting. One of the speakers was Mr. Cyril Mills (*left*), the circus impresario, while another was Mr. H. Ramsbotham, the Minister of Pensions, who made an amusing speech at the expense of some of his Parliamentary colleagues. "At Westminster," he said, "we have accomplished acrobats whose political somersaults have aroused amazement, if not always admiration. We also have some jugglers able to get a phenomenal number of words into the air at the same moment." *Centre*—Mr. Gray, a London showman, and (*right*) Mr. J. Marks, who hails from Coventry

THE THAMES BURSTS ITS BANKS: A house isolated at Wargrave where the floods have been particularly severe following a week of heavy rain. On one day the estimated flow at Teddington weir was 6,000,000,000 gallons in 24 hrs. and at Windsor bridge the river was 2 ft. 5 ins. above normal. Large areas in the Oxford district have been inundated, and the Eton College playing fields have also been under water. Similar conditions have prevailed in the valleys of the Ouse, Avon, Severn and Medway

A RECRUIT TO RADIO: Miss Sarah Bowes-Lyon, eighteen-year-old relative of the Queen, rehearsing with Brian Michie at Broadcasting House before taking part this week in Jack Hylton's "Youth Takes a Bow" feature. Miss Bowes-Lyon is already quite well known as a writer

REMOTE CONTROL: The Duke of Devonshire, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for the Dominions, seen as he inaugurated the new power station extension at Perth, Western Australia, by pulling an electrical contact lever at a luncheon at Australia House, London

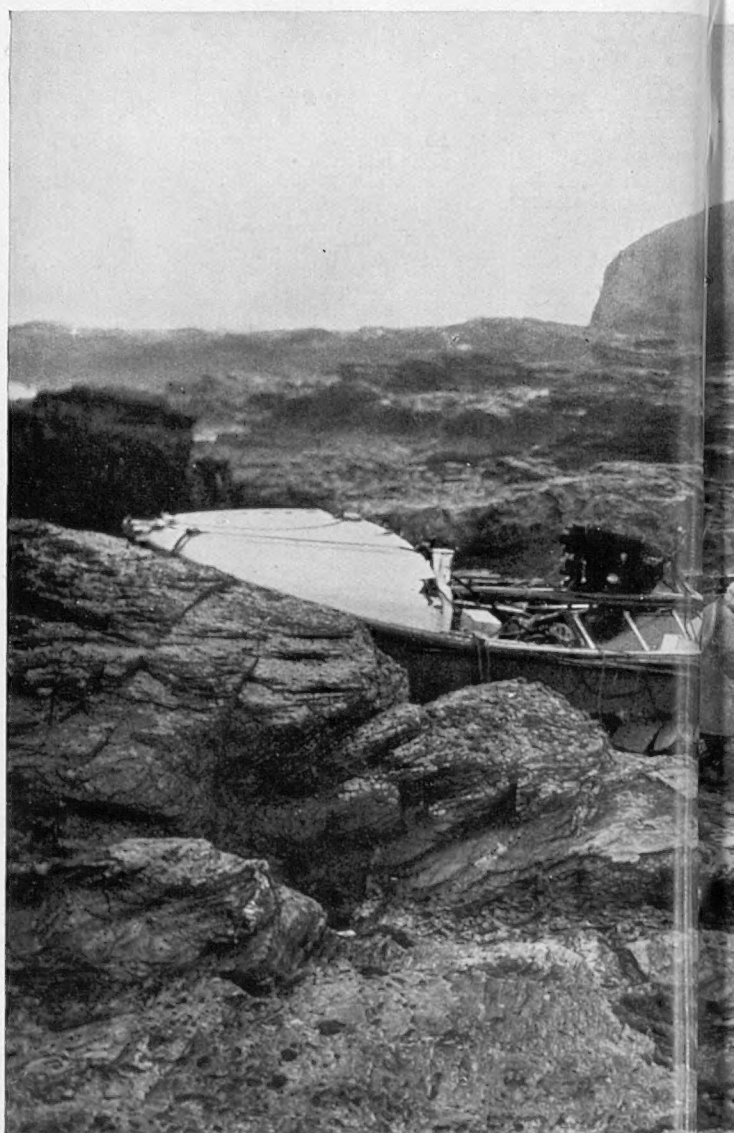


WITH HER SKATES SHEATHED, her boots unlaced, and a comfortable seat in which to sit, Mlle Anderes, of Switzerland, enjoys a well-earned moment of relaxation during the course of the European Figure Skating Championships held at Earls Court

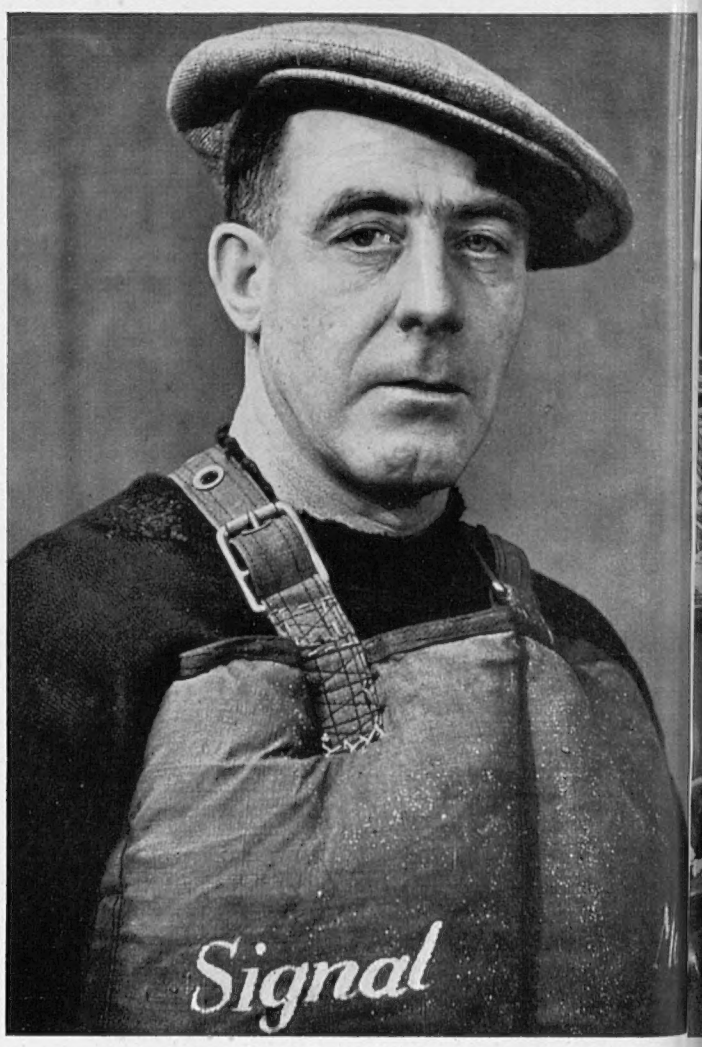
THE WEEK AT HOME

ST. IVES LIFEBOAT CAP

Only One Survivor in the Cornish Sea Tragedy:



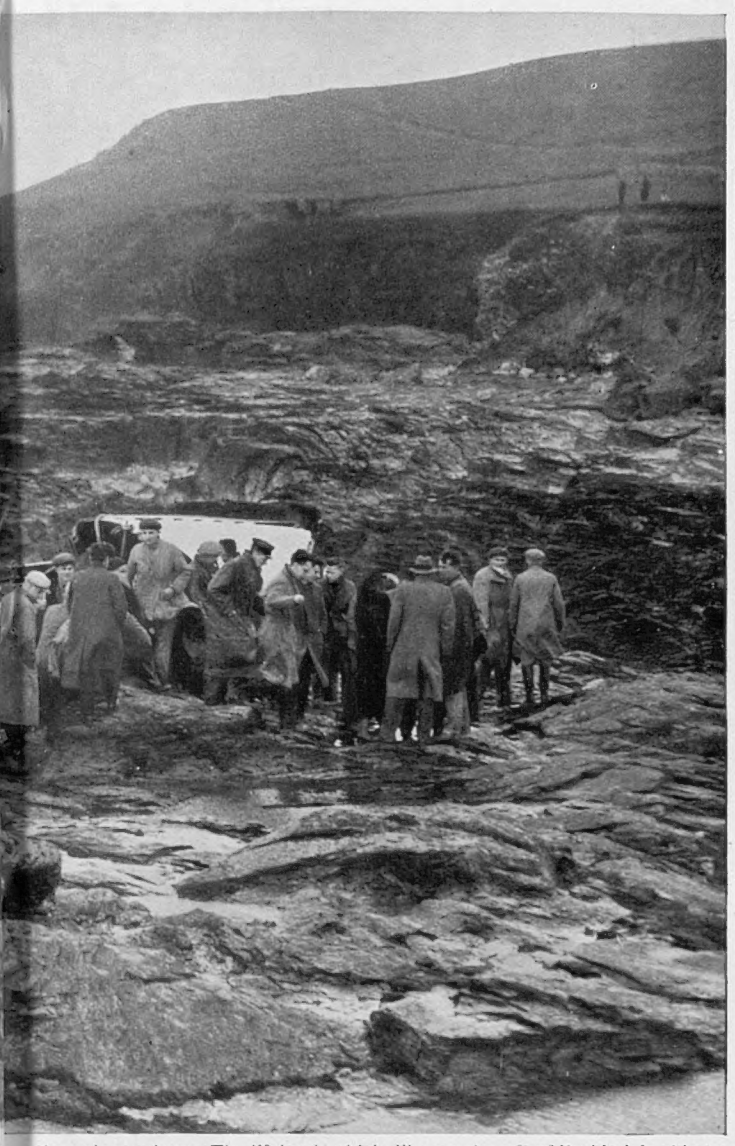
THE ST. IVES LIFEBOAT ON THE GODREVY ROCKS where she was wrecked this week when attempting in the teeth of a hurricane and against a strong flood tide to go to the assistance of a vessel in distress off Cape Cornwall. Seven of the crew lost their lives, William Freeman, who volunteered to go at the last moment, being



SIGNALMAN J. THOMAS: One of the seven lifeboatmen who lost their lives. This was the second time within twelve months that the St. Ives lifeboat had capsized and been driven ashore, the first occasion being in February, 1938, when she went to the rescue of the S.S. *Alba*

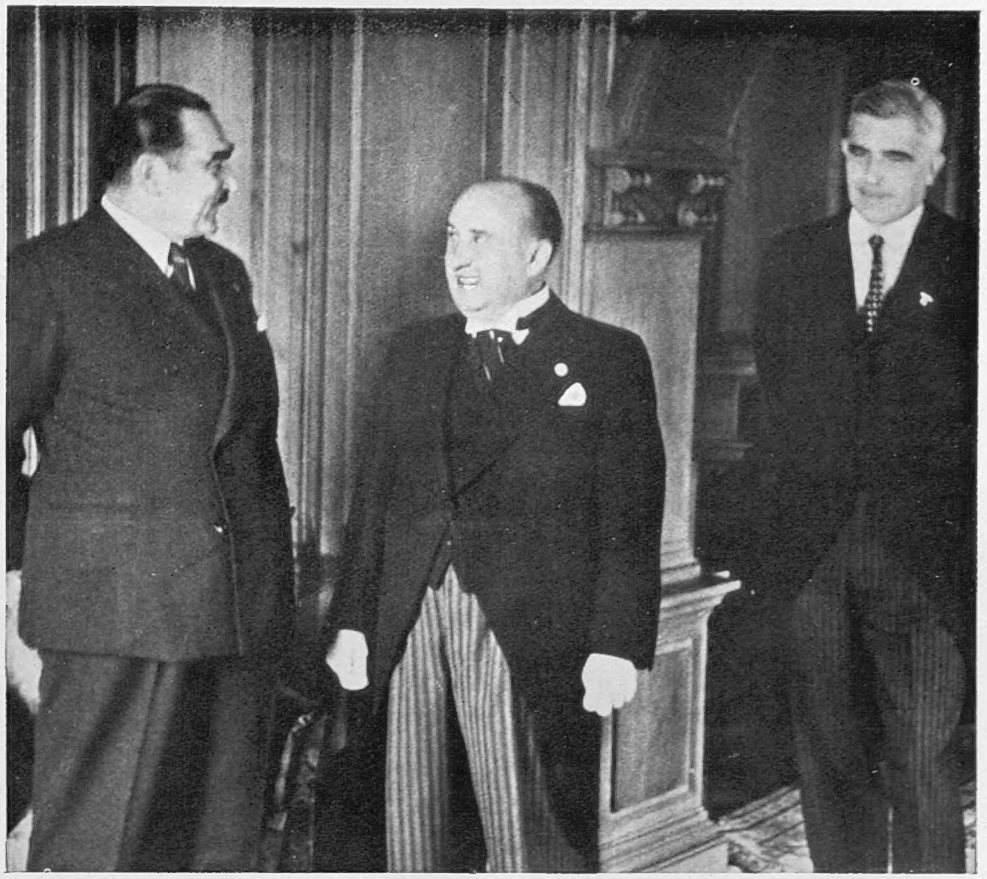
SIZES THREE TIMES

The Ill-fated Craft Washed On to the Rocks



the only survivor. The lifeboat, which, like most craft of its kind, is able to right itself, capsized three times while drifting across St. Ives Bay with her engine out of action. Each time two or more men went overboard and Freeman only saved himself by clinging desperately to the steering wheel. He eventually clambered ashore in a very exhausted condition

WRECKED ON THE KNIFE-EDGED ROCKS OF GODREVY: A close-up of the St. Ives lifeboat after this week's tragedy in which there was such a disastrous loss of life. It will be noted how a considerable section of the hull was torn out when grinding over the rocks



GERMANY'S NEW ECONOMIC DICTATOR: Herr Funk (centre), who has been appointed to succeed Dr. Schacht as President of the Reichsbank and now combines that office with the Ministry of Economics of which he has been at the head for some time past. This picture was taken during Herr Funk's visit to Belgrade at the end of last year and he is seen with the Yugoslavian Premier (left), Dr. Stoyadinovitch, and the German Ambassador to Belgrade (right), Herr von Heeren. Herr Funk's principal mission from now on is to push ahead with Germany's trade drive in the Balkans and in doing so it is apparent that he will not adhere to the paths of financial orthodoxy

THE ROYAL WEDDING IN ROME: Princess Maria of Savoy, youngest daughter of the King and Queen of Italy, and Prince Louis of Bourbon-Parma who were married last Monday in the Pauline Chapel of the Quirinal, the occasion being celebrated with traditional pageantry

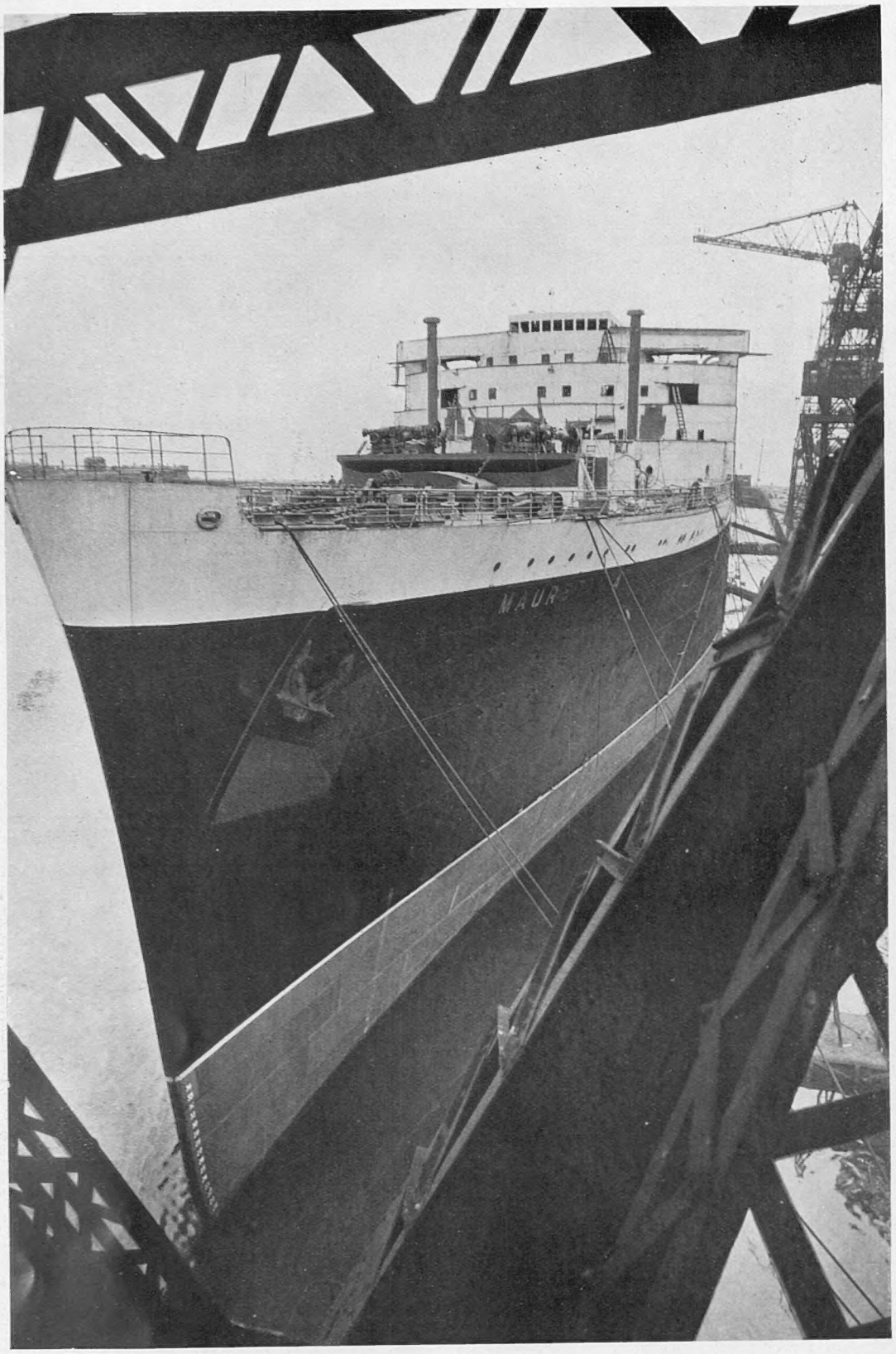
DISMISSED WITH THANKS: Dr. Schacht, who has been relieved from his post as President of the Reichsbank, as it was felt that his financial orthodoxy was threatening to curtail rearmament and the Four-year Plan for industry. Dr. Schacht retains his cabinet rank

EVENTS ON "THE AXIS"

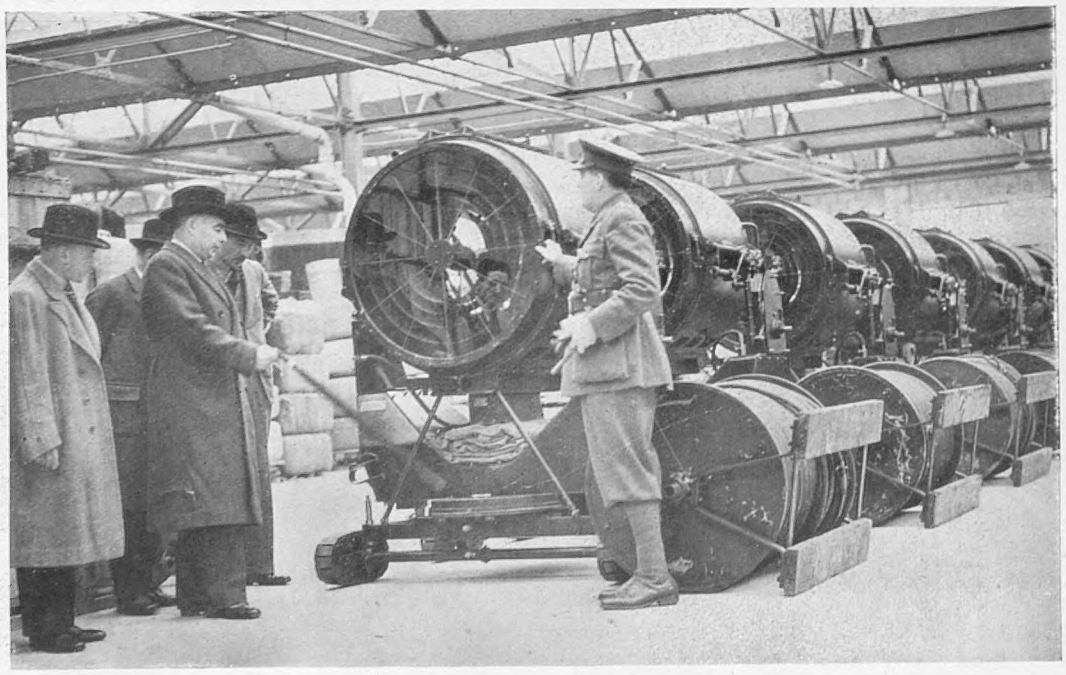
KEEPING UP THE AXIS SPIRIT: An animated scene in the Kroll Opera House, Berlin, during the Deutsch-Italienischer Ball, a big event not without political significance during the January season of dances

HEADLINED NEWS of

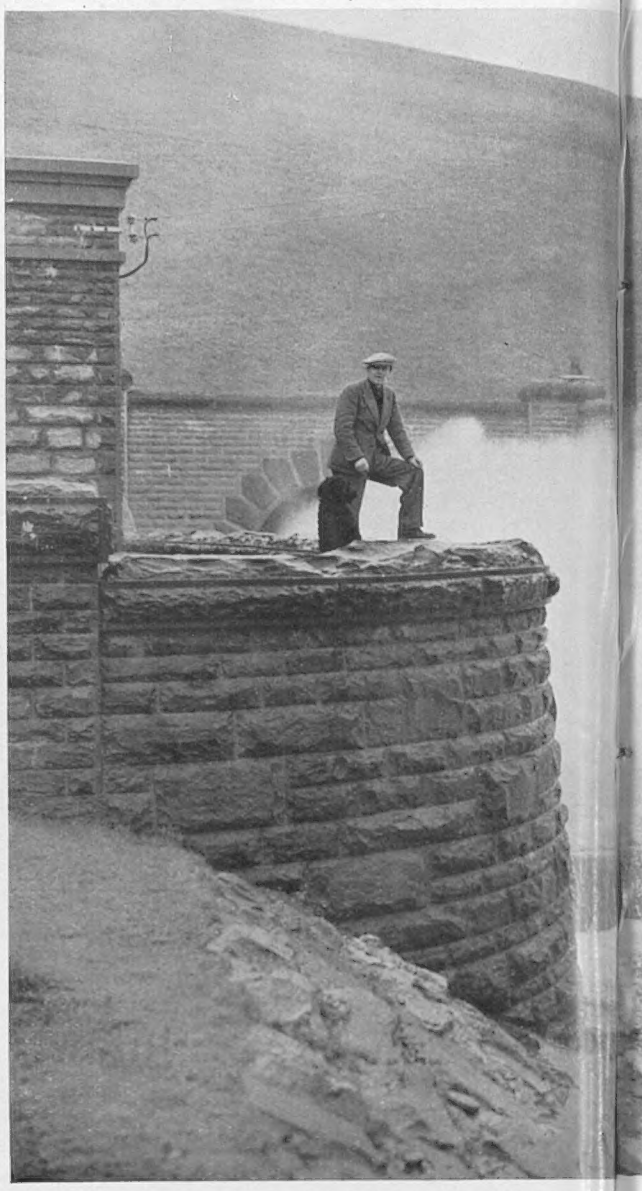
The "Mauretania" Nears Completion—Talybont Water



SLIM ELEGANCE: This picture, taken through the staging of a giant crane at Cammell Laird's Birkenhead yard, evidences the graceful lines of the new *Mauretania* which is now nearing completion. She will make her maiden voyage to New York during the coming summer. A great feature of the liner will be the generating plant which, it is said, would provide enough power for a town of 100,000 inhabitants



THE WAR MINISTER ON HIS ROUNDS: Mr. Hore-Belisha inspecting searchlights at the 1st London Anti-aircraft Mobilisation Stores at Warley Barracks during the course of his tour of the Essex area last week when he was able to gauge the state of preparedness of various units charged with the defence of London

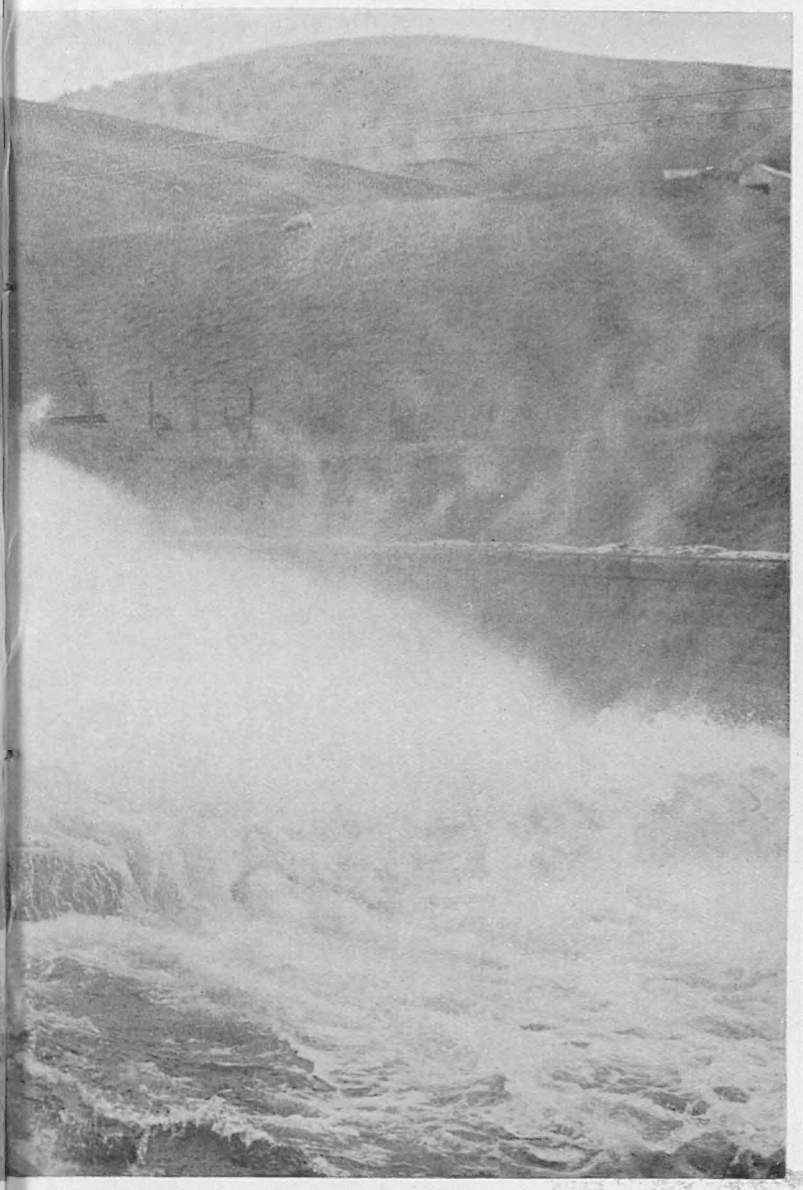


A SOUTH WALES WATER SUPPLY SCHEME COMES TO FRUITION: Water gushing through pipes from the new reservoir which has been formed by damming the valley

THE "CORONATION SCOT" LEAVES FOR THE NEW WORLD: The famous locomotive being loaded aboard a cargo vessel at Southampton for conveyance to New York, where it is to be on public view during the

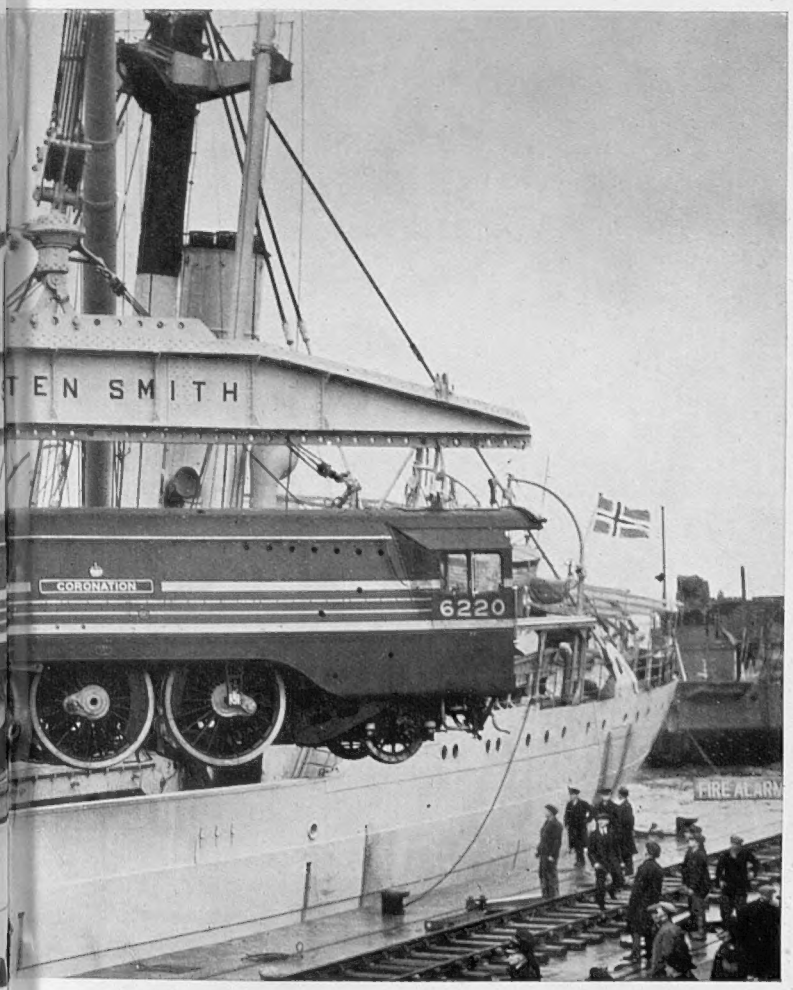
MECHANICAL MOMENT

Scheme —" Coronation Scot " Shipped—Electrification on the Southern



at Talybont, near Brecon, and which will give industrial Newport, Monmouthshire, more than an adequate supply to meet present and immediate future needs. An official inauguration ceremony is to be held in June

IN THE COLOSSUS CLASS: This is one of the 12 ft. diameter, back-wheels of an outsize in steam rollers which has been specially built for use at the new reservoir works at Abberton, North Essex, as in building up the wall round the reservoir it was found that the ordinary roller's wheels sank into the soft soil. The reservoir engineer designed the roller himself

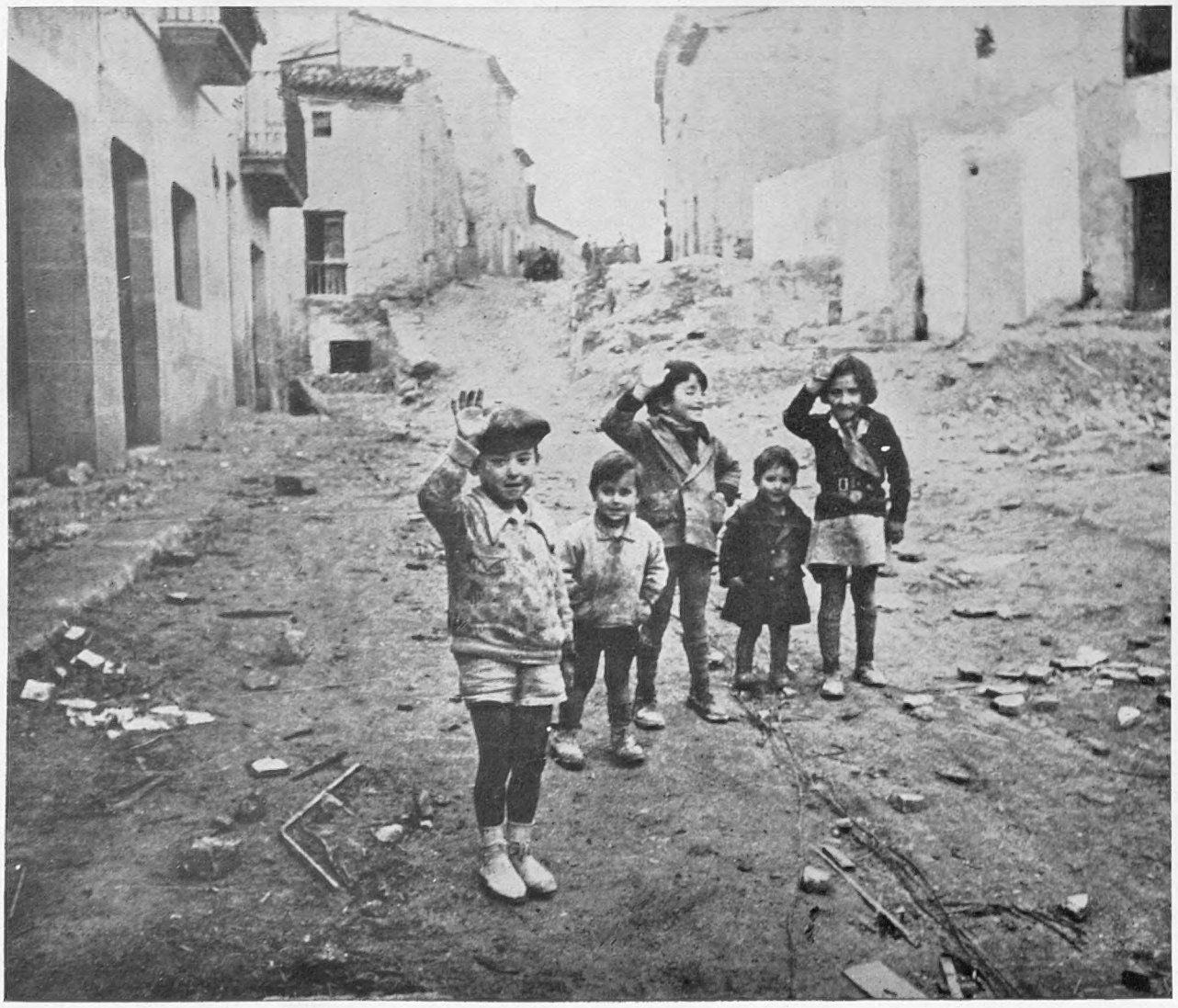


forthcoming World's Fair. The train will also do an exhibition tour of the United States, in the course of which it will cover over 3,000 miles and visit no fewer than thirty-eight of the major cities. At the controls will be Driver Bishop, who has many fine feats to his credit on the Scottish run

THE NEW ELECTRIFIED SECTION OF THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY between Swanley and Gillingham has been completed and in order to test the permanent way some of the carriages which will be regularly used on this section were drawn along the track by a steam locomotive

↑ THESE CHILDREN WENT
. . . AND THESE STAYED ↓

Youngsters waiting with their luggage in the Catalonian town of Reus as their parents sought a means of transport to take them away from the scene of war when Franco's army approached. *Below*—Children give the Fascist salute in shell-torn Borjas Blancas which the rebels took early on in the present offensive. Artillery battered the town severely



TARRAGONA TAKEN BY FRANCO'S ARMY

A Significant Event in the History of the Long-drawn-out Civil War: The Town Deserted

THE historic city of Tarragona fell on January 15 as the result of the steady advance of General Franco's army across Catalonia; thereafter the insurgents pushed on with such determination that on January 23 the Fifth Navarrese Division, crack unit of the insurgent army, came within sight of Barcelona itself.

The capture of Tarragona caused great rejoicings on the winning side; the city evidently put up no defence, and from what I know of the citizens Franco's forces were welcome. As a *plaza de armas* Tarragona had probably lost most of its significance, but as one of the two great ecclesiastical centres of Spain—she has always contested the primacy with Toledo—Tarragona is still intensely religious. Doubtless the streets of the city will begin once again to swarm with priests and seminarists.

There is a certain appropriateness in the fact that Italian troops should have been largely instrumental in the capture of this city, the *Colonia victrix togata turrita* of Augustus. In those days it lay conveniently situated for communication with Rome, and was the winter seat of the Prætor. Not that I should care to winter there. It is exposed to biting winds; and as for the summer, that is not much better: the neighbourhood is treeless except for a few miserable pines.

Rome is still the predominant influence in half Tarragona. Her walls, well-preserved, bind the city on two sides. Her towers rise like natural developments of the rocky citadel itself; her bricks and masonry still protect two-thirds of the population.

Between the upper and the lower towns are modernised quarters of indifferent nineteenth century. They consist in the main of two broad thoroughfares, the Ramblas San Juan and San Carlos (which have probably changed their names since I was there). I used to be lodged in the San Carlos. From my window I could watch an endless procession of young, smart soldiers and young, earnest priests: priests and soldiers, soldiers and priests—that was Tarragona; priests and soldiers, bells and bugles.

Everything in the upper town, even the fortifications, seem pendent to the great Gothic cathedral. That magnificent, gloomy building is the culmination of every street and alley in the city; and all around it are tributary buildings—seminaries, archiepiscopal palace, and ancient courtyards with theological students walking up and down, their noses glued to books; and fat, black-gowned women, members of the church guilds, hastening by to attend to chapel duties; and beggars dreaming on antique steps.

At the base of the rock begins the fertile plain of Tarragona and the famous vineyards, which are still as Pliny described them. The road to Barcelona runs through the plain to low, arid hills. I remember looking back from that road to Tarragona and thinking: it looks hard, like the Catalonian character; I shouldn't like to be one of a storming party charged to reach the summit. But now I remember that Suchet sacked it without much trouble in 1811; Soult walked straight into it after Sir John Murray, for some strange reason, had scuttled through the back door, leaving nineteen guns as a present for the enemy; and now Franco has found it just as easy.

The road beyond the low hills lies through country stern and forbidding, but not of a nature to hold Franco up for long unless the Catalonians' man-power and gun-power are stronger than they seem. The only fortifications are old, white watch-towers. The slopes are bare and gradual. The only place of any consequence on the road is Villanueva, an industrial town which I remember for two things—its children and its art gallery.

Roy Elston

WITH FRANCO'S LEGIONS IN THE CATALAN PUSH

The Capture of Granadella and Borjas Blancas During the Drive on Barcelona

THROUGH A BATTERED STREET IN GRANADELLA: Light tanks on their way up to the front lines during General Franco's big push, which in the course of three weeks enabled him to sweep forward right into Catalonia and threaten Barcelona itself. *Below*—An armoured car and an ambulance drawn up in the main square of Granadella

A GRIM STORY: An aged inhabitant of Borjas Blancas, key-point on the Lerida-Tarragona road, tells a rebel officer of his experiences during the big battle for possession of the town which was reduced almost to ruins by General Franco's artillery before the Government defenders were finally driven out. *Below*—Light tanks waiting to be called into action again after reaching Granadella, a mountain village lying near the junction of the rivers Ebro and Segre

ANOTHER MILESTONE ON THE ROAD TO VICTORY: Rebel troops gathered in Granadella after the capture of this mountain village during the big eastward drive towards Barcelona. The Catalonian offensive has been the biggest effort of the Spanish civil war to date both from the number of men engaged and the amount of material used. Last week it was reported that General Franco's artillery was expending no fewer than 35,000 shells a day during the main attack

WONDERS *of the* "ARK ROYAL":

The Navy's New Aircraft-Carrier Can Carry Three Times as many Planes as the Earlier Ships of Equal Tonnage

ONE of the most recent and most interesting additions to the strength of the Royal Navy is the aircraft-carrier H.M.S. *Ark Royal*. She is the very latest stage in the development of this comparatively new type of warship. Even her name marks this development. The last H.M.S. *Ark Royal* was also an aircraft-carrier, which was laid down as a merchant ship and bought by the Admiralty in 1914, when she was still building. A queer little ship, this (which is still serving under her new name of H.M.S. *Pegasus*), with a single spindly funnel aft and a very long forecastle on which the aircraft are worked. She is only 6,900 tons, with a total length of 366 ft., and in the first stage of her career she was really nothing more than a seaplane transport, which carried the seaplanes to a certain place and then hoisted them out on to the water to fly off.

Compare this with the new ship which bears the name H.M.S. *Ark Royal*. The new H.M.S. *Ark Royal* is not really a very big ship so far as displacement is concerned—her tonnage is only 22,000—but she has an overall length of 800 ft. The whole of this overall length is devoted to the biggest flight deck of any British aircraft-carrier, and from it ordinary wheel-equipped aircraft fly off and land.

Below this gigantic floating aerodrome, which is nearly 100 ft. wide, are the hangars in which the machines are stowed. Here the most recent developments are noticeable. No former British aircraft-carrier has had accommodation for more than forty-eight aircraft. H.M.S. *Ark Royal's* hangars can accommodate seventy aeroplanes. This is more than three times the number of aircraft which can be carried by H.M.S. *Eagle*, which is of approximately the same tonnage as H.M.S. *Ark Royal*.

The hangars in which H.M.S. *Ark Royal's* aircraft are stowed are divided into sections by enormous fireproof doors which can be slid shut by touching a button in the event of fire breaking out in any one section.

The earlier aircraft-carriers such as H.M.S. *Courageous* had short sloping flight decks built over the forecastle, below the main upper flight deck. The idea of this was that the small fighting aircraft could fly straight out of the great "front doors" which closed the fore end of the foremost upper hangar. This practice has, however, been abandoned, and H.M.S. *Ark Royal* is the first modern flush-decked aircraft-carrier built by Great Britain.

The aeroplanes in H.M.S. *Ark Royal* can be taken up on to the flight deck from the hangars, or "struck down," by means of three lifts. Formerly aircraft-carriers have only had two lifts. The lifts, when they are right up, form a section of the flight deck itself, cut to the shape of the aircraft. Everything has been done in her design and building with a view to increasing the speed at which aircraft can be got up and flown off, and landed on again at the conclusion of the operation. This is a matter of the greatest importance in all aircraft-carriers, for, while aircraft are flying off, or landing on, the carrier must steam into the wind, so that the wind is straight up and down her flight deck. Therefore, if the fleet is steaming with a following wind, the aircraft-carrier will have to turn and steam in the opposite direction while her aircraft are flying off or landing on. Moreover, if the wind is light, the aircraft-carrier will have no other alternative but to steam at high speed in order to create more wind along the length of her flight deck.

Under such conditions every second taken in handling the aircraft will increase the distance by which the aircraft-carrier is getting away from her appointed position relative to the fleet. It is not possible to give details of the time taken to fly off and land aircraft, for these are secret. It may be said, however, that modern developments such as those in H.M.S. *Ark Royal*, and efficient pilots, have enabled the times to be reduced to an extent which would have been thought quite impossible a very few years ago.

H.M.S. *Ark Royal* is by no means only a carrier of aircraft. Naturally, her aircraft form her chief armament, but she also carries a far greater gun armament than any earlier aircraft-carrier. This gun armament consists of sixteen 4·5-in. guns, mounted in pairs and capable of anti-aircraft as well as low-angle fire. These guns are of an entirely new type, as are their twin mountings, and it is said that they are the most effective medium calibre weapons ever produced. In addition to these guns, H.M.S. *Ark Royal* mounts the new multiple pom-pom guns and multiple heavy machine-guns for dealing with attacks from dive bombers or torpedo bombers. Altogether, H.M.S. *Ark Royal* carries by far the largest and most effective anti-aircraft armament ever mounted in a ship.

Naturally, protective armour cannot be given to the hangars and flight deck of an aircraft-carrier, for these are high and the fitting of heavy armour-plate high above the water-line would make the ship unstable. The vital parts of H.M.S. *Ark Royal*, such as the engines and boiler rooms and the magazines, are, however, protected by armour plate to a marked degree.

From the engineering point of view, too, H.M.S. *Ark Royal* marks a great advance on former ships. She has a full speed of over 30 knots, and is driven by geared turbines fed with superheated steam from high pressure water-tube boilers. The latter are very economical, using less than half the oil fuel that a ship built twenty years ago would use. This gives H.M.S. *Ark Royal* a very large operational radius upon her normal fuel stowage.

In spite of the great amount of space taken up by the aircraft, and the complications of her design, H.M.S. *Ark Royal* is a very comfortable ship, the designers showing very considerable ingenuity in the way they have paid particular attention to the living spaces for her crew and large flying personnel. The Royal Navy is very pleased with its new aircraft-carrier, and she is considered a wonderful ship in every way.

Kenneth Edwards

On right—LOOKING FROM "ARK ROYAL'S" FLIGHT DECK to the bridge and mainmast. This superstructure is placed right to one side to leave a clear flight deck

HOME FROM HONG KONG

In a German Express Liner

By JEAN GORDON

TWO years ago I went to Hong Kong with a return ticket by Norddeutscher Lloyd. Last autumn I reserved a berth in the *Potsdam*, one of Germany's Far Eastern express liners, for my return journey. Then came the Munich crisis. The *Potsdam* was diverted from her usual route and I was advised to sell my ticket. Against advice I held on to it and so sailed for home in the ship whose captain had held a cocktail party for the passengers somewhere in the Dutch East Indies after the crisis was over.

She was only half full, partly owing to cancellations during that period of tension. We were, therefore, even more than usually comfortable, with two-, three-, and four-berth cabins to ourselves and plenty of room on the sports decks.

The passengers were the usual mixture of Germans, British, Americans, Greeks, Filipinos, Chinese, Norwegians, and curiously few Dutch, the whole leavened with a generous sprinkling of missionaries of all denominations and nationalities. We were all very friendly and drank good German beer together and discussed international affairs in the most amicable way.

Naturally we were on the look-out for gun-mountings and any other sinister fittings to prove the rumours which had gained countenance strongly at that time—that all these Express liners were fully armed. Needless to say we found no sign of guns, but certainly the portholes were fitted for deadlights (for darkening ship) and the bridge was made of bullet-proof steel.

We were taken on a visit of inspection to the bridge—a spacious and impressive workroom, fitted, so it seemed, with all the latest mechanical devices and gadgets, including gyroscopic compasses and automatic fire alarms for every compartment of the ship. But we were not allowed to see the engine-room, nor were we ever told the ship's maximum speed capacity. It was significant that, in spite of being held up in practically every port of call by cargo delays, and by fog in the English Channel (of course), we still arrived in Southampton Water 12 hours before time and did the whole trip from Hong Kong in 26 days.

We Britishers were good Romans while on board the *Potsdam*. We went to the commemoration service of the 1923 Munich putsch, which was most impressive. Swastikas and portraits of Hitler, of course, adorned the walls, and on a raised illuminated dais were lined up the members of the Nazi party present on board (including our own jolly little one-eyed, pot-bellied steward), in the regulation white silk shirt, and some Storm Troopers in full regalia, carrying banners.

Someone gave what sounded like a dramatic recitation from an improvised rostrum; the Captain delivered a brief address in a dignified unemotional tone (how I wished I understood German); and then the names of the fifteen who fell were read out, one by one, while "Hier!" was answered as each name was called. The meeting closed with the singing of "Deutschland uber Alles," the Germans giving the Nazi salute.

The last Sunday on board happened to be the one set aside throughout Germany for the compulsory one-course lunch in aid of the Winter Relief of the German people. We were asked whether we would care to join in, and readily assented, as did every foreigner on board. The affair was dramatised in the true German way. Tables were spread on the promenade deck, which was draped with the inevitable flags and portraits. The band played while we regaled ourselves with enormous steaming plates of stew, and each of us contributed 1 mark towards the money which the Norddeutscher Lloyd subscribed as a result of this economy lunch.

Certainly everyone on board seemed extremely happy and contented. The iron hand may be—no doubt is—present, but only the velvet glove was seen, and the staff appeared to organise themselves without any obvious discipline. They all worked tremendously hard—and seemed to enjoy it—for the pleasure and amusement of the passengers whom they professed to regard as "one big, happy family."

There was no *laissez faire* about the entertainment side of the trip. Deck sports were highly organised. Dances were arranged frequently, and the decks decorated differently every time. Handsome favours were presented and the smallest child was not forgotten. No one seemed to be under any compulsion, yet a steward took the trouble to dress up as a clown for the children's party, and the crew's accordion player volunteered to do a turn on roller skates at our fancy dress dance.

There is, of course, no language difficulty when travelling by German liner. Everyone on board the *Potsdam* spoke fluent English—except the little children's stewardess whose only sentence seemed to be "Iss goot for baby," whether she was talking of milk pudding or, as was frequently the case, such unsuitable dishes as stewed eels or pigs' trotters! I was told that language inspectors visit the ship periodically and put the stewards and stewardesses through a test. More efficiency.

Perhaps the most outstanding thing of the whole trip—and I have left it until the last because it has its sad side—was the way the wireless news was censored. Quite comprehensive bulletins were displayed every day, and I always noticed that the English version was considerably longer than the German. But it was not until I disembarked in England that I learned of the terrible anti-Jewish excesses that had been taking place in Germany during those last weeks, while we and our German friends had been fraternising so pleasantly.

HONG KONG THRONGED WITH REFUGEES

MORE MOUTHS TO FEED: Straw laid out in a compound is the only accommodation available for these refugees (*above*) who during the past few months have poured into the British territory of Hong Kong to escape the tide of war which has swept across south China. *Right*—A girl refugee wearing one of the great circular hats denoting that she belongs to the Hakka people, a strange Chinese tribe that has retained many peculiar customs which the rest of the Chinese, under various conquerors, have modified. The Hakkas form about one-third of the population of Kwangtung province. They employ a very individual form of pronunciation

SEEKING SANCTUARY IN BRITISH TERRITORY: A scene at the frontier between Kwangtung province and Hong Kong Colony where British soldiers took charge of Chinese soldiers who were forced to fly across the border from the advancing Japanese. The Chinese were disarmed and (*as depicted below*) interned behind barbed-wire barricades. Their presence naturally causes some embarrassment to the British administration

UNCONSCIOUS OF THE STORM ABOUT THEM: Chinese refugee children playing in a compound in Hong Kong where everything possible continues to be done for their welfare by the local authorities

HIS MORNING RATION: A refugee child receiving a bowl of soup given out by one of the several committees engaged in looking after the Chinese refugees in Hong Kong. Since the Japanese swept across south China and took Canton there has been a shortage of food and an acute shortage of accommodation in the colony. Jean Gordon wrote in "The Sphere" a short while ago: "*Refugees pour in, and the Chinese landlords are, quite naturally, politely but firmly evicting their European tenants in favour of their own more wealthy countrymen who can afford to pay a fancy price for safe accommodation. Even Europeans are not immune from the temptation of profiteering. Many a harassed husband, searching for a home for wife and family shortly arriving in the colony, has been forced to pay an exorbitant price for an outgoing tenant's furniture to secure a lease of a flat. Now some of the landlords have stepped in and names are taken in rotation*"

PREPARING TO GO ABOARD! Midshipmen putting on their flying kit before starting the day's work at the No. 1 Flying School at Netheravon where men from all ranks of the Navy are now being prepared by R.A.F. instructors for their work in the rapidly expanding force known as the Fleet Air Arm. It was only a short while ago, it will be remembered, that the Government decided to place full control of the Fleet Air Arm in the hands of the Navy, thus bringing to an end the rather difficult situation arising from the fact that the Admiralty and the Air Ministry had to share responsibility, the former dealing with the operative side and the latter having charge of matters relating to administration. The pictures on these pages all show varying phases of the work at Netheravon which is proceeding most satisfactorily

MIXED BAG: A lieutenant of the Royal Marines, a leading hand, a sub-lieutenant of the Royal Navy, and a petty officer at a signals class at Netheravon. This evidences the varied material from which the Air Arm is deriving its personnel

UPWARD BOUND: Young pilots rushing across the aerodrome to take their machines up on a practice flight at Netheravon. *Right* Midshipmen receiving instruction in the use of the controls during a preliminary stage

SAILORS TAKE WINGS:

How the Fleet Air Arm is Being Trained

MASTERING THEIR NEW CALLING: Naval officers and ratings practising with an aerial camera gun at No. 1 Training School at Netheravon which is rapidly creating an efficient body of flying men from those whose experience up to now has been entirely in warships. The Fleet Air Arm, to which they belong, relates to all aircraft borne in ships of the Royal Navy. The expansion programme makes the need for fully-trained men urgent

in their training. They have Royal Air Force officers to teach them, and as they have been carefully selected with a view to their suitability the majority of them are likely to turn out first-rate pilots. They will not only serve in aircraft-carriers, but in warships carrying catapult planes

THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF ANGKOR WAT: Solitary, majestic, mysterious, and awe-inspiring it stands silhouetted against the light of the dying day

ANCIENT ANGKOR RE-VISITED:

A Traveller Looks On these Awe-inspiring Ruins of Cambodian Civilisation, Marvelling at their Massive Grandeur and the Perfection of their Sculptural Detail

I HAD come by bus from the frontier station of Cambodia. My eyes pricked with dust; lemon and pink streaks on the western horizon heralded a colourful sunset; in the east the moon was rising; huge, lop-sided, yellow. The country, flat and barren, shrank into queer shadow-creases, seeming weird and unreal, and slightest roughnesses of the ground stuck, with a few contorted trees, velvet black out of the waste. We drew up at a huge building, and were told we had arrived at the Hotel Grand des Ruines.

I ate alone in the great dining-room, depressed with the solemn formality of it all, and trying to concentrate my thoughts on a plan of action. There are some sixty temples of importance and interest to be seen from Angkor, and, I believe, over a thousand stones and monuments, so some clear-cut process of elimination and selection was essential. I decided at last to visit the temples in reverse chronological order, seeing one or two from each of the periods classified by M. Marchal in his most interesting and comprehensive guide books, *Temples d'Angkor* and *Guide aux Ruines d'Angkor*. This meant starting next morning with the Wat, the most famous and supposedly most perfect temple, belonging to the twelfth century and the mind of Suryarvarman II; from the simple architectural scheme and the rich mural decoration there, I could easily trace back the development of style to the earliest examples, dated at the early ninth century. By this method I could best follow all significant points, and would remember most clearly the more perfect examples through having seen them with fresh eyes; nor would I give too much time and importance to comparatively unimportant features, as so often happens when one does not know the range of what one is studying.

I had not the advantage of many another traveller of waking up and walking, all unsuspecting, on to the hotel veranda, to be confronted with the fairy-tale Wat only 200 yards or so away across a broad causeway, for only the Bungalow Hotel affords this magnificent surprise. But my first view was perhaps more impressive, for while I was still trying to pretend that I was enjoying my enormous dinner, I was told by the manager of the hotel that if I would not mind forgoing the rest of the meal I would be just in time to attend a special performance of the dancers at the entrance to the Wat. So it was with the great yellow moon sitting solidly behind the five principal towers of this immense building, with a sky still ruddled from the sunset casting weird shadows on to a ring of open flares held by half-naked urchins round a small oblong mat which was laid on the rough stones and constituted the stage, with the queer sudden breezes of evening, and the curiously mingled sounds of wakeful monkeys and bats and owls in the jungle round us, that I first met the fantastic majesty of Cambodian art.

We walked towards the entrance through an avenue of great smooth-faced giants, some 12 ft. high, who watchfully lined the causeway. I felt full of awe and humility, and hoped that these stone guardians would approve of me, for though the weather was hot and the water silver, I had no wish to be thrown into the long-stagnant moat. Beyond the ring of torch-bearers was the audience, looking hideously incongruous in modern clothes, with drooping plus-fours and perched hats, their faces slashed with sudden lights and shadows from the breeze-blown flares, and I was glad to turn my eyes to the dancers when at last, after a suitably dignified and Oriental delay, they arrived. The dancing here is symbolic, with much mime and many conventions; the dancers are trained from birth into an extraordinary suppleness which allows them to take up almost any position with slow rhythmic grace; their fingers lie back like feathers along the backs of their hands, the first or fourth finger and thumb only pointing sharply forward, and so giving the illusion of a bird. Their feet are bared and always in line with the wall behind them, and this gives so much the appearance of the friezes in the temples that it has often been suggested that the present dancers learned their art from the sculptury. The history of the people is lost in a maze of legend and superstition, and no one knows whether the dancers are descendants of the figures depicted so often and so vividly on the walls.

A PROCESSION OF WARRIORS adorning one of the walls of a great temple of the Bayon. A frieze that sheds the most remarkable light on military equipment in the far off days when Angkor was a mighty name in the eastern world

In the morning I returned to the Wat to study the details of plan and sculpture. I had learned that the temple was dedicated originally to Vishnu, and was built when Brahminism had replaced Buddhism as the most favoured religion. It has a serenity quite unlike any of the other temples, which is enhanced by the wide moat which still encircles it. The lakes and moats of most of the other temples are now dried up, but the quietness of the Wat comes chiefly from its simplicity. Here, and only here, each tower has its full value because it is not lost in a crowd of lesser turrets and spires, and each courtyard is an open space unencumbered by monuments and ornamentations.

The Wat is the only temple for which an entrance fee is charged, and this, added to its being the favourite haunt of most tourists, robs it a little of the feeling of new discovery which one experiences everywhere among the ruins. Small children, with rice-swollen tummies, run after visitors here, begging, offering to guide, laughing and joking together. Many bonzes visit this temple, too, and their yellow-gold robes give a touch of life and reality to the deserted walls. Standing on the causeway and looking towards the centre of the temple, I noticed (and later realised that this is unique in Angkor) the perfect symmetry of the arrangement of the towers, all leading up to the central and highest of the five huge towers on the third gallery. As soon as I began to look at the bas-reliefs and sculptured walls, I was fascinated by the combination of intricate detail with moments of stylisation as broad as in the Persian designs. Faces, expressions, clothes and armour, are drawn in exquisitely fine detail, and then a little heap of small carven lozenges disarmingly interrupts this realism by representing an enormous mountain. Most of the decorations deal with Brahministic legends—the churning of the milk sea into the elixir of life, the seizure, adventures and rescue of Sita, and so on. Winged asparas fly about in the sky, and below, Hindu and Cambodian deities rehearse significant incidents in their divine lives. One wall, however, shows a procession which we learn from inscriptions is taking place before the great King Suryarvarman himself. This has tremendous historical interest, for here one can study during hours unlimited the smallest points of clothing and coiffure and custom. The procession was probably a military review; courtiers and princesses look on, while the king himself led his troops, seated on a heavily-decorated elephant, with no less than fifteen parasols above him to show his high estate, and behind him, also mounted on elephants, his leaders rode, with as many parasols as their rank and precedence permitted. An army differently clad, and identified by inscriptions as the Siamese army, is of especial interest as throwing light on the thoughts uppermost in the minds of the people who were at the time of the construction of this wall on the eve of their downfall.

In the upper galleries there are many Buddhistic scenes, and long passages lined with Buddha in all the conventional symbolic attitudes. The interior of the temple is completely cut off from the lower gallery which it is believed was the resting horse for pilgrims only; it has been suggested that the Buddhistic decorations were executed some time after the Khmers left Angkor, when the temple was perhaps occupied for some time by the Siamese.

Looking down from the highest galleries over the whole temple, down the long approach and across the causeway on to the jungle, I tried to live again the days when royal processions, of courtiers and soldiers and dancers, borne by elephants and covered with golden tapestries and jewels and flowers, were reflected on the moat when the king paid his annual homage to this temple. I wondered how he and the priests used to preserve their dignity when they mounted the steps leading from the entrance to the galleries and so to the sanctuary. Certainly the priests of to-day were not able to preserve theirs, for with robes tucked up around them they used hands and nails and knees to help them up. Each step is about four inches deep and eighteen inches or so high, and many of them are crumbling and worn with constant use.

I spent all day at the Wat, too fascinated to notice the heat. Then, when everyone else had gone, I felt no longer a staring intruder, but forgotten, and so able to share for a while the memories which awoke with the silence. I tried to sketch a little, the better to impress my memory, and so the day passed, until the voracity of clouds of mosquitoes forced me back to the hotel.

The Baphuon came next on my list, and next morning, soon after dawn, I set out for the Thom in which it is situate, some 150 metres north-west of the northern approach to the Bayon.

No sign remains of the golden tower, higher even than that of the

"WE WALKED TOWARDS T high, who watchfully li the accompanying article

Bayon, which was mentioned by a Chinese diplomat who visited and made his home in Angkor in the twelfth century. It consists of three platforms raised pyramidically, the corners of each platform being decorated with a small tower, The chief subjects of the bas-reliefs are animals: animals working and playing, fantastic beasts from the Brahmin legends—Garouda, the bird of Vishnu, Hamma, the elephant god of wisdom, Nana, the sacred bull; animals with men and gods beside and upon them. In contrast to the Wat, the Baphuon has a fairly complex architectural style with several incidental monuments, but the decoration, though less perfect, is often more alive.

Much of the construction is hasty and faulty; the arches were formed of wooden beams covering the space left by imperfect graduation of supporting stones, and the wood has, of course, long ago rotted away. The temple in spite of restorations is in bad repair, and the central tower has crumbled away, depriving the building of much of its dignity. There is an almost Arabian fluency about the design of the dadoes on the three platforms, where the design is less representative and definite than in most Angkorean examples. The religious cult at the time of construction was Sivaistic, and we find Siva's emblem, a carven linga, square-based with decorated octagonal centre and rounded top, at the entrance. This emblem is to be found just outside or around a great many of the temples, but it is not a true key to the date of the building as it was in many cases added or removed in accordance with the cult prevalent at the time.

The next day took me outside the Thom to Bnom Bakheng. I journeyed from the hotel in one of the peculiar compromises between a rickshaw and a soap-box provided for these comparatively short trips. Bakheng is midway between the Wat and the Thom, and one must reserve every atom of energy before visiting this temple, because not only has it the usual several flights of steep narrow steps between the immense stone galleries, which one must examine carefully for fear of missing a panel of especial beauty, but because it is built out of the top of a hill. There are three approaches, and as I was feeling energetic, I chose the eastern one, which, being the steepest, is less often used.

Horses and camels and elephants can mount fairly easily by the northern and southern approaches, but my road was too narrow and too steep for anything but human feet to climb. I walked slowly along the long pathway of grass leading from the road to the first flight of steps, which are carved in usual Oriental fashion all the way up the hill. A plump widow-spider, brilliant emerald green in its dark shrouds, reflected evilly the early sun. A branch fell just ahead of me, and a long cackle of laughter directed my eyes to a small group of monkeys high up above me in the trees.

When at last I reached the top of the hill I found one pilgrim already there, having mounted on one of the elephants put at the disposal of lazy tourists. Together we looked out over the jungle for miles round, having an almost aerial view of the great splashes of green on the brown landscape, pricked with the grey fairy-tale turrets and towers of the temples. For a while I was too exhausted to appreciate the temple at all, for even at this early hour the heat was considerable, and the air here is heavy with moisture; but at last a little stone apsara dancing among lovely foliage attracted my eye, and I followed the cheerful decorative friezes happily.

A FRIEZE OF TEVADAS: These were the king's sacred wives, and this relief at Angkor reveals in wonderful detail the clothes they wore and their ornate headgear

The general scheme I found a little confusing; at every point of the five stages there were small towers, and at the summit there were remnants of many walls which seemed to me to have no meaning. Later I learned that the temple had been inhabited some twenty years ago by a party of Annamite bonzes, who had had no hesitation in pulling down and reconstructing most of the old sanctuary to suit their requirements. The temple was originally Sivaistic, and lingas lined the pathway approach, but there is trace of a Buddha, unfinished and in very bad condition, which dates to some period long before the modern bonzes were in possession. Part of the temple was destroyed to accommodate this enormous figure, among the defaced structures being four small lodges of remarkably delicate and beautiful decoration, if one can judge from fragments.

The position and stolidity of the structure give it tremendous dignity. One of the many theories suggested with regard to the actual construction of the temples, and the problem of how these small people of rudimentary mechanical knowledge and very elementary instruments were able to raise the huge slabs of granite and sandstone used, was that all the temples were graven out of, rather than constructed on, hills similar to but smaller than this one. More recently, however, traces of colossal quarryings at Pnom Koulen (Pnom means mountain), some 40 kilometres distant, and of roads leading from there to Seam Reap, where rafts certainly shipped the materials across the river, have shown us the source of the materials, and the scheme of raised platforms and encircling galleries made it easy for the builder to haul his tools from one level to another.

Even in the soundest and strongest buildings the architecture and masonry of the workmen was very imperfect; their stonework and jointing in fact never developed from the timber technique; their arches were formed only by gradual encroachment of two opposing sides, and show no trace of influence from the more scientific schemes of the Greeks and the Romans and other early builders, all of whom seem, nevertheless, to have contributed to the richness and variety of the decoration.

It was with the excitement always felt with the achievement of purpose that I set out on my fifth day to see examples of the earliest Angkorean styles. There was much to see. When the Khmers at last ended their wanderings, of which they left traces all over Cambodia during the 500 years following their subjection of Founan, they were inspired and ambitious. Quickly the site for the capital city was chosen, the walls built, the scheme laid. I drove round the walls in an ancient hired taxi, inspecting the four gates, each of them approached by an avenue of thirty-six giants holding across their knees Naga. Naga is the many-headed snake, legendary ancestor of the Khmer race; he is seen everywhere, with sometimes eleven, sometimes five, most often seven heads, spreading fanwise from his great stretched body, and this motif is the greatest contribution of Cambodian art to architectural decoration.

ENTRANCE through an avenue of great smooth-faced giants, some 12 ft. the causeway. "I felt full of awe and humility," writes the author of her account of her visit to the renowned Cambodian shrine of Angkor Wat

The city walls are irregular, for the geometrical instruments of the early Khmers led them badly astray in their town-planning, and the north wall is some 40 metres out of the square. The Thom occupies a little more than 9 sq. kilometres, and has four axial roads leading from the gates, at the middle of each wall, to the centre, where they join to encircle the Bayon. A fifth gate, the Gate of Victory, was constructed by one of the greatest kings, Rajendravarman, who reinstated Angkor as the capital city after it had been removed to Kohker by his predecessor for some fifteen years. Rajendravarman is as loved by posterity as he was during his reign, for he is responsible for a large majority of inscriptions and tablets from which it has been possible to piece together most of the early history of the race. A road leads from the Gate of Victory, which is in the east wall, directly to the wide terrace and platform of the Royal Palaces, from where the King used to cheer his troops as they went to or from the wars waged almost continuously against the Chams and the Thais.

Three very important temples belong to this period—the Bayon, at the axis of the town, Prah Khan, and Ta Prohm. The Bayon at different times has been named temple, treasure-house, monastery and palace, but I believe in the light of inscriptions recently deciphered, that all authorities are agreed that it was a temple and only a temple, in which was lodged a huge linga.

I stayed for hours at the Bayon, often getting lost in the complex arrangement of passages and niches. Parts of it are very dark, and I was often terrified by the frantic flutter of disturbed bats. The whole place smells strongly of them and perhaps because of this dankness, seems more eerie than any of the other temples. But eeriness fascinates me, and by now I was so completely caught up in the thrill of searching for new and ever more interesting sculptures, that I came at last hardly to notice the smells or to notice the bats. Nevertheless, I always wore a shawl over my head when I visited the Bayon. Naturally thick hair had enabled me to dispense with the incumbrance of hats, and I have revelled in upholding the old British tradition of going out in the midday sun unscathed.

Of all the decorations at the Bayon, I liked best the little panel which recurred on every face of each of the multitudinous pillars which crowd the entrances. It depicts two asparas, dancing or flying, executed in light relief, and forming a simple and immensely effective decoration, which is repeated in a fragment of a frieze above one of the doorways. Many of the tympans in the Bayon are undecorated, and nearly all are rectangular, unlike the heavily carven triangular doorways of later temples.

By now, the mosquitoes had tired of me—or perhaps they could only find nowhere new to bite—and so I was able to enjoy peacefully the quietest moments of the day, high up in one of the towers at this centre of the city. Then I walked slowly back the two miles or more to my hotel, through the still shadows of the bright moonlight. My rickshaw man had long since deserted me, fearful of devils and revengeful ancestors who return at sunset to this, the home-city of the dead.

Hermoine du Beauclerk

WHAT IT MEANS TO BE A TEST PILOT

Men Upon Whose Judgment Depends the Safety of Thousands of Military and Civil Flyers and Countless Passengers

TEST PILOT P. W. S. BULLMAN, who is widely recognised as the leading member of his exacting profession, explaining points concerning a new machine to R.A.F. pilots at the experimental station, Martlesham Heath

By NOEL THOMPSON

APART from spies and detectives, I doubt if there is any class of man in this country about whom less is known than aeroplane test pilots. Spies preserve secrecy from necessity, detectives for official reasons, and test pilots from modesty.

But there is this likeness between the three classes I have mentioned. Each calls for great experience, and much routine, which is interspersed with periods of excitement and risk. And in all three cases there is no distinguishing mark by which you could pick them out from the ruck of men—except if you were quick enough to spot the "aliveness" of the eyes—I can think of no better word.

A short while ago I saw a film, *Test Pilot*, in which Clark Gable was the star. In common with many American films on the same subject, a test pilot is shown as a dashing young man whose sole job is to get rather drunk, and then risk his life in "throwing" an aeroplane about in the air and either crashing, and being miraculously nursed back to health by the blonde heroine, or else making an impossibly good flight on a new machine. Between flights there was whoopee and love-making. Every test pilot I have spoken to in this country seems to have seen the film. And enjoyed it. And smiled.

The words "test pilot" have been invested with glamour. But, say the men concerned, theirs is really an interesting, but mainly humdrum, life.

There are in England some twenty first-class senior test pilots. Father of them all, according to popular agreement, is P. W. S. Bullman, of Hawkers. He is essentially sound, and his opinion is always treated with respect. (I did speak with him, but only for thirty seconds. Politely he begged to be excused. As he is working all day and part of the night, seven days a week, time was too valuable for personal talk.)

Then there is his almost contemporary C. F. Hewins, of Bristol Aircraft, who once held the world's height record—and did it without the aid of oxygen or special breathing apparatus. Then there are "Tony" Hughes, of Armstrong Whitworth's, who is in the early thirties, Flt.-Lt. Feather, of Bolton and Paul, and Flt.-Lt. Staniland, of Fairey's, who first became famous in connection with the Schneider Trophy. P. E. G. Sayers tests for Glosters, and H. A. Brown is a real veteran as No. 1 man for A. V. Roe's.

J. Lancaster Parker is the man at Short's (flying boats) and J. Summers at Vickers. Monocled, moustached and also an old stager is "Jimmy" Cordes of Handley Page—he has been at it since 1916, and still looks a young man, and of mainly civil aircraft companies there are G. B. S. Errington, of Airspeeds, C. Penrose, of Westlands, and lastly the youngest, but among the best known of all, Geoffrey de Havilland, of his father's and uncle's firm of that name.

Now, honestly, out of that list, how many names would strike a chord to non-flying readers? I should put it at three or four. And yet in their hands lies the safety of thousands of military and civil flyers and passengers.

Some 50 per cent. of those men are in the forties, or near forties. Some 80 per cent. of them are married, and most have one, two or three children. Only 10 per cent. are teetotallers, but 90 per cent. are very moderate drinkers. 100 per cent. of them are 100 per cent. fit and 80 per cent. go quietly home after their day's work and go to parties possibly twice a month.

So where does the glamour come in? For me it is in the quiet, efficient way they achieve something definite.

If it is not too late, let us start at the beginning. What are the qualifications for a test pilot? There are two schools of thought. One holds that experience is the main qualification. "If I had to take on an assistant I should want him to have at least 1,000 hours' flying time behind him. And then a natural aptitude for the work." The alternative—and this is the method of de Havillands—is to take a man who has been right through the workshops, who knows the construction, fitting, and engineering sides from A to Z and then back again, and then *teach him to fly*.

The test pilot has to go through a stringent medical examination at least once a year, and if he is testing machines for the Air Ministry, every six months. There is the complete medical overhaul, including tests which usually take the better part of three hours. There is the usual holding your breath ("until you bust," as one pilot put it to me), the blowing up of the football, and the standing on one leg with eyes closed while performing other peculiar feats calling for balance and co-ordination of mind and muscle.

Two tests new to me were balancing a nail on its head on a sort of table tennis racquet, and one at which I failed entirely. This was picking up a match lying on the table with two other matches, and then, after raising it to the perpendicular, gently bringing it right over towards you and placing it on the table, having completed a half circle.

Having passed the tests, here is an outline of the procedure of the making and testing of an aeroplane. As a rule the test pilot is in his office by 9 a.m. And he cannot do that after a night out, for aerodromes are usually in out-of-the-way places.

Supposing a new aeroplane type is being designed. The test pilot attends all the conferences. Eventually there comes the "mock-up." When I first heard the name I guessed what is meant and wrote "knock-up"—which is actually what it is. It means a rough design in cardboard and odd wood, with old instruments tacked on. "Mock-up" is now a trade term, universally accepted.

TEST PILOT J. SUMMERS, who works for Vickers, pictured in his flying kit before taking off on an experimental flight

The test pilot argues, usually, that the instruments are wrongly placed, that the vision is wrong, and that technically there are faults. More conferences, alterations, Air Ministry inspections, and eventually a machine is evolved. After engine tests, the pilot is called for. I gather it is almost a routine for him to complain as he makes his examination. It would be unlucky for him not to find faults. Well, there is not much excitement the first two days. The test pilot spends his time taxi-ing along the ground. He is noting the brakes, the controls, how easily handled the machine is. He reports, and faults are corrected.

Then comes the first flight with no load—probably half an hour at the most. If it is a small machine the pilot has a pad strapped on his knee on which to make notes. A multi-engined machine will probably carry an assistant to take down notes. I have before me a typical report sheet. It is a yard long and 4½ ins. wide. Altogether there are seventy-seven different points he has to notice and report on this sheet. There may be the usual "O.K." or an equally usual "heavy," or "inaccurate," telling that some control is unbalanced. There are a thousand and one things to be noticed, and checked again on a second flight.

Then gradually the load is put on and the main question becomes one of stability. The "load" is probably bags of shot, or nuts and bolts. There are eyelets at the end of each bag so that they can be fixed firmly. Originally, sand was used, in bags. This was easily handled, but the bags slipped, upsetting the balance. Also, equally serious, the sand seeped into vital parts. Now sand is banned.

All this time the test pilots are making notes, and changes are made. So quickly can these adjustments be done that it is usually only about half an hour before the aeroplane is in the air again. All the time problems, based on the test pilots' reports, are being thrashed out on the ground.

I have dealt briefly with the tests. For instance, I have not mentioned the comfort tests (for passengers), the stalling speed tests, the diving tests (30 per cent. in excess of maximum level flight speed), and for single-engined machines the spinning test, perhaps the most important of all.

Geoffrey de Havilland, who is outstanding in his own way as following a famous name in a famous firm (he started with five years in the workshops and followed it with five years as instructor, which he thinks dull), told me two stories against himself.

He had to land in a cornfield owing to tremendous "flutter." He landed safely to find that the flutter was caused by a door which had been left open!

Then, when testing the new Albatross, with his uncle, Hereward de Havilland, in charge, the engines made a healthy roar, but the air speed was dangerously low. They were at a great height and the windows were frosted over. Still the air speed was low.

Eventually his uncle pointed out that he was sitting on an air-cushion underneath which was a rubber tube leading to the air speed indicator. "My uncle's language," he concluded, "cleared the frost off the windows."

Incidentally, it was from him I learned about that occasional "whirr-whirr—whirr-whirr" which is so annoying to passengers on an air liner. It means that port and starboard engines are not running at the same speed. The pilot can correct this, but I do not advise you to ask him. He should do it automatically!

Test pilots do take risks, and the one that they all fear is the chance of fire. However carefully electrical equipment is checked, in a new aeroplane there is always a chance of a mistake. And what more horrible than at 6,000 ft. to smell burning? To get the valuable aeroplane down or to jump, perhaps unnecessarily? That is a nightmare. Get the plane down is the motto.

There you have a short picture of the test pilot, always willing to try out a machine, with the permanent "if" at the back of it.

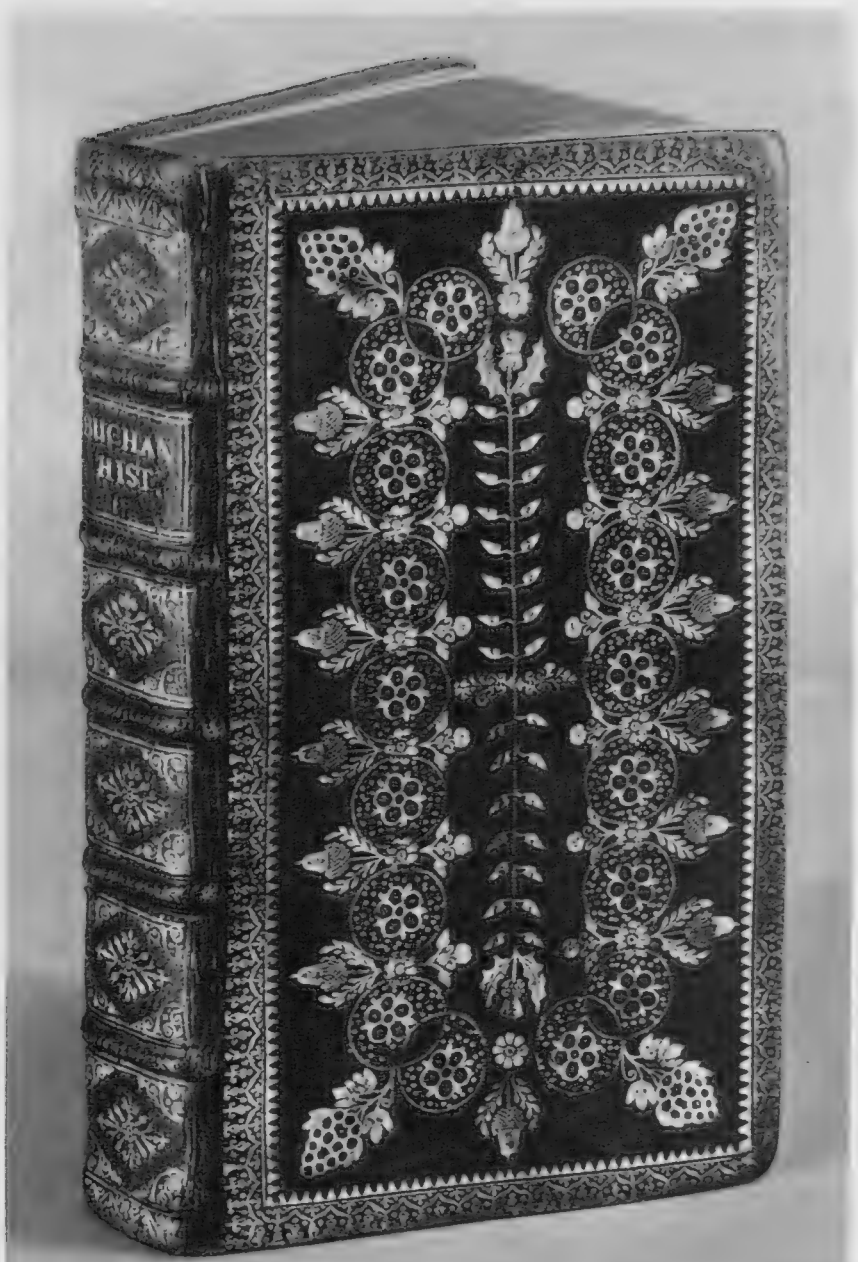
As for how they keep fit, I have made a survey. Almost all play squash. Most of them golf and some of them ride. And for all this, what do they receive? They are reticent. "Not as much as the Americans" is the most I could get out of them.

Actually a senior test pilot will get between £800 and £3,000 a year.

RARE BINDINGS at the R.A.

Another Revelation in the Scottish Art Exhibition : Remarkable Early and Late Seventeenth-Century Work

A GEM OF THE BINDER'S ART: This magnificent Prayer Book in dark blue, smooth pigskin was the work of James Watson of Edinburgh (1719) and is one of a number of remarkable bindings in the Scottish Art Exhibition



IN GOLD-TOOLED RED MOROCCO: Another fine binding at the R.A. It covers George Buchanan's *Rerum Scoticarum Historia* and was made in Edinburgh in 1700 at a time when this type of work was attracting craftsmen of a high order

A FAN-SHAPED DESIGN adorns the stamped green morocco cover of David Cathcart's *Disputatio Juridica*, which was bound in Edinburgh in 1785 by Balfour and Smellie. The blue edges are goffered with gilt roll and the end papers are coloured gilt. The book was lent to the exhibition by James MacLehose, Esq.

A BINDING BY SCOTT OF EDINBURGH for Mrs. Richmond Inglis's *Anna and Edgar*. It was made in 1781, is in gold-tooled red morocco, and the gilt edges are goffered with a grecque roll. An inscription on the fly-leaf states that it was a presentation copy to Her Majesty Queen Charlotte (consort of George III)

WAR PHOTOGRAPHERS OF THE CRIMEA AND THE MUTINY

The Remarkable Work of the Pioneers Now on View in an Exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum

MORTAR BATTERIES IN FRONT OF PICQUET HOUSE, SEBASTOPOL: A reproduction from an original picture taken by Roger Fenton during the Crimean War (1854-56), when photography was in its infancy, and now included in the Exhibition of Early Photographs which is being held at the Victoria and Albert Museum. A war picture such as this, of course, could be printed in no newspaper during the Crimean period as the modern half-tone process had yet to be developed

AN extremely interesting exhibition commemorating the centenary of photography was opened in Room 73 at the Victoria and Albert Museum on January 25.

The exhibition covers a period from about 1840 to 1900 and includes photographs of the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, and Paris Commune, 1871. There is also an excellent collection of nineteenth-century celebrities taken by Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron between 1864 and 1875, and Frederick Hollyer 1872–1900.

Quite a number of early daguerreotypes and some original calotype negatives and prints are to be found in the cases, and amongst some of the first books to be illustrated with photographs is Fox Talbot's famous book, *Pencil of Nature*, the first book in the world to be illustrated in this manner. Published in 1844, when photography was still in its extreme infancy, the publishers found it necessary to insert an explanatory slip stating that "The plates of the present work are impressed by light alone, without any aid whatever from the artist's pencil."

When less complicated and more permanent methods of printing led to the introduction of photography in book illustrations, there emerged several pioneers in news photography.

Roger Fenton took a series of extremely interesting photographs of the Crimean War in 1855. Looking at these clear and detailed pictures it is difficult to believe that such excellent results could be achieved with the complicated and fearsome apparatus that was needed for the completion of a photograph, and when one realises that the entire process—including the use of a wet plate, which had to be immediately developed

THE FIRST GREAT WAR CORRESPONDENT: Roger Fenton's photograph of Sir William Howard Russell taken during the Crimean War when Russell established such a world-wide reputation by his vivid and outspoken dispatches from the front

A GRIM RECORD OF THE INDIAN MUTINY: Skeletons lying amid the debris of the Sikandra Bagh at Lucknow in 1857. An early war picture taken by F. Beato, and included in the present exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum. The picture belongs to a period of immense development in photography, for it was about this time that Gaudin was completing his researches with regard to dry plates and J. M. Taupenot was putting those ideas into practice. During the 1850's the Rev. T. F. Hardwick was also doing notable pioneer work in improving the process of fixing prints

A COUNCIL OF WAR on the morning of June 7, 1855, when Vert was captured. On the left is Lord Raglan, the much British commander-in-chief; in the centre is Omar P Turkish leader; and on the right General Pelissier, comman French. Lord Raglan died three weeks after this photograph

HAVOC AT LUCKNOW: This photograph was taken by F. Beato and shows the effects of a mine sprung by the enemy in the Chato Manzil during the Indian Mutiny. Considering that the photographer had to employ the cumbersome methods which preceded the development of the dry-plate process, this must be accounted a really remarkable piece of work

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GEORGE BROWN AND HIS STAFF: Another Crimean war picture by Roger Fenton. Sir George, whose long series of staff appointments made him something of a martinet, was bitterly condemned by *The Times* correspondent, Russell, for his rigid policy of "pipe-claying, close-shaving and tight-stocking" in active service conditions, but he endeared himself to his men by his dashing behaviour in the field

when Mamelon much criticised ar Pasha, the mmander of the graph was taken

when taken—was carried through under war conditions, it is impossible not to admire the skill and persistence of these photographers of the 1850's.

In the following year F. Beato took some equally detailed pictures of the ruins and remains of several buildings which had been destroyed during the Indian Mutiny. These were the first photographic records of the horrors and desolation of war, and doubtless came as a great shock to the civilised world at that time.

Some of the earliest examples shown at the exhibition are the combined works of David Octavius Hill and Robert Adamson, who worked together from 1843 until the death of Adamson in '48. Hill, an artist himself, had an undoubted flair for lighting and clever composition in the grouping and arrangement of his subjects. His first adventures in calotypy were

(Continued on next page)

"A CAMP OF THE 4TH DRAGOON GUARDS": A photographic record of troops at leisure during the Crimean War. It is yet another example of the work of Roger Fenton, whose early war pictures compel the greatest admiration, for it must have needed no ordinary determination to have campaigned in the 1850's with the fearsome apparatus that was then essential to the photographic process. Fenton had to employ a wet plate, for at that time even the moist collodion process was not available, being in the experimental stage. He was one of the pioneers of news photography, his pictures being frequently employed as book illustrations. The prints were pasted into the volumes

"THE ANGEL AT THE SEPULCHRE": This finely-posed picture was taken some time between the years 1864 and 1875 by Julia Margaret Cameron and is included in the Exhibition of Early Photographs which is now being held at the Victoria and Albert Museum

PORTRAIT PHOTOGRAPHY in the EARLY DAYS

Further Pictures From the Victoria and Albert Museum's Exhibition

(Continued from previous page)

experimental attempts to minimise the difficulties of painting from a living model. However, he soon became so absorbed in the endless opportunities for pictorial compositions offered by photography that he cast aside the brush and palette and flung himself wholeheartedly into this new and fascinating art.

Robert Adamson, a clever young chemist and a great friend of Hill's, attended to the scientific side of the business.

Hill was the first photographer to realise the possibilities of augmenting and diminishing lights with the aid of mirrors, and he spared himself no pains in his endeavour to produce artistic and lovely pictures. It was unfortunate that Adamson should have died when he did, as, deprived of the aid of chemical science, Hill found himself unable to carry on with his work.

As photographic adventures progressed, the amateur as well as the professional made his appearance, and by far the most interesting of these was Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron.

In 1864, Mrs. Cameron, then well over fifty years of age, was presented with a camera as a gift, with the assistance of which this enterprising lady started a vogue for portrait studies which no professional could rival.

She devoted herself wholeheartedly to her new and fascinating hobby and successfully produced some really lovely picture and character studies.

Towards the close of the 1860's several improvements, including the dry plate, made their appearance. These improvements brought photography within the scope of anyone who cared to carry around a camera and tripod, and its consequent popularity resulted in a vast quantity of inferior photographs, frequently unnatural and often comic.

I. B.

"MISS MATILDA RIGBY": David Octavius Hill, an artist with a flair for composition, and Robert Adamson, a young chemist, produced this portrait during their successful partnership between 1843 and 1848 in the very infancy of photography

TWO BRILLIANT CHARACTER STUDIES: *Left*—Julia Margaret Cameron's camera portrait of Sir John Herschel, the renowned astronomer, and (*right*) Sir John Steell (1804–1891), the Scottish sculptor, by David Octavius Hill and Robert Adamson. Hill was the first photographer to realise the possibilities of augmenting and diminishing lights with the aid of mirrors

A PHOTOGRAPH OF 1858, the original title of which reads:—"The American horse-tamer, Mr. Rarey, after his conquest of the notorious stallion, Cruiser, so well known as the terror of trainers and the talk of stables." *On left*—"Miss Binnie" and (*on right*) "Gordon Highlanders." Two photographs by Hill and Adamson (1843–48)

SHIPS OLD AND NEW: France Floats Her New Battleship: H.M.S. "President" Reconditioned at Sheerness: A Veteran Monitor Comes to Southampton

BAPTISM OF THE "RICHELIEU": This was the scene in the harbour at Brest as the first of France's new 35,000-ton battleships was floated in the dock in which she has been built. The inaugural ceremony was attended by M. Campinchi, the French Minister of Marine, and was performed by Madame Mons, the wife of one of the dockyard workers engaged in constructing the vessel. A sister-ship is also now being built

H.M.S. "PRESIDENT" RETURNS TO HER MOORINGS: The headquarters ship of the London Division of the R.N.V.R. in charge of tugs as she was brought up the Thames to her station alongside the Embankment after being refitted at Sheerness. In the picture can be seen the new A.A. guns with which she has been equipped. *Left*—Another view of the *President* showing the range-finder above the bridge

NEW LIFE FOR A VETERAN: H.M.S. *Erebus*, one of the old war-time Monitors, which has lately been used as a training ship for Special Entry (Public School) cadets and as a turret drill ship attached to Whale Island, Portsmouth, seen on arrival at Southampton where Thornycroft's are to recondition her. When this work is completed she will be used for another purpose. The *Erebus* was built under the Emergency War Programme and, like many of the Monitors, rendered yeoman service

A.R.P. and the High-Explosive Bomb

HABITS OF THE HIGH-EXPLOSIVE BOMB: This drawing by Inglis Sheldon-Williams illustrates the fact that a bomb released from a high altitude makes an almost perpendicular hit, following Course A. From a low altitude the bomb strikes obliquely (Course B) but is more accurate in finding the target. C shows the arc described by a flying fragment

By *Inglis Sheldon-Williams*

UNTIL quite recently we have given too much time to the study of the gas bomb and not enough to the incendiary and the high-explosive, of which it is the servant. It is now generally agreed that, judging from all accounts, the high-explosive is the most deadly menace, the incendiary bomb less, and the gas bomb least.

It is in that order of importance that I propose to try to examine each in turn.

The attributes of the high-explosive are fourfold:—

(a) The destruction caused at the point of impact.

(b) The destruction caused by flying shell fragments and debris precipitated by the force of the explosion.

(c) The direct blast or rush of air radiating from the point of explosion, and driven with destructive violence against any object within a radius of from 50 ft. to 100 yards.

(d) The vacuum *left by the rush of air.*

REINFORCED BASEMENTS: Work in progress in King Charles Street, Whitehall, where a start has been made on the task of building air-raid shelters for the staff of the Foreign Office and the Board of Education

(a) Destruction caused at the point of impact varies according to the nature of the substance encountered and whether the blow is vertical or oblique. A bomber flying high has the better chance to make a vertical hit with the nose of the bomb. On the other hand, it is less likely to hit the target aimed at. If it takes the greater risk of flying low at high speed with a better chance to hit the target, the blow will be delivered obliquely; the crater will be less deep; the blast more intense; and the volume of flying debris less. A raking blow through a mass of buildings might cause more widespread destruction than a perpendicular one on a building or on open ground if the explosion follows immediately. If explosion is retarded by the delayed action fuse, the deeper the bomb penetrates the greater will be the destruction, including the greater probability of damage to gas and water mains.

Depth of penetration may be anything from 4 ft. to 8 ft., but a 60-ft. hole in probably soft ground is on record. Craters vary from 20 ft. upwards in diameter. Only reinforced concrete of exceptional thickness will cause a high-explosive bomb weighing from 250 lb. to 3,000 lb. to explode before penetrating.

(b) *Direct hits* by shell fragments and flying debris precipitated by the force of the explosion may be compared to the effects of the bursting of an enormous shrapnel shell, its contents being any and every sort of missile picked up by the blast and hurled 100 yards in all directions. And here it may be emphasised that since their flight tends upwards—following, that is to say, a *high trajectory*—in this matter of direct hits by flying fragments, the farther and the higher the object within range the more it is exposed to damage. Thus, odd though it may sound, the man who runs away from a bomb about to burst takes a greater risk than the man who stops where he is, or even moves nearer the bomb—within reason—*provided he flings himself flat on his face.* Troops between opposing artillery in action are not necessarily under fire. The diagram illustrates the point, including the building with its upper and more vulnerable parts exposed, and its lower and less vulnerable parts conscientiously protected by sandbags, "earth or coal-dust, or coal in lumps." The brick wall of an average dwelling is at most 16 ins. at *ground level* and 9 ins. higher up. In the light of this the householder may derive what consolation he can from the following, which offers "a certain amount of protection against blast and splinters from a 500-lb. bomb exploding at not less than 50 ft. away":—

Mild steel plate, 1½ ins. thick; solid brick wall, 13½ ins. thick; cavity brick wall, 15½ ins. thick; concrete unreinforced, 15 ins. thick; concrete reinforced, 12 ins. thick; concrete specially reinforced, 10 ins. thick.

Except for a suggestion of ponderous steel shutters, there seems no provision here for windows and doors, which take a third of most homes' wall space.

(c) and (d) It is easy to understand the effect of the direct blast: the frontal attack of a rush of air varying in force and concentration according to the magnitude of the explosion, and the open or restricted area within which the blast is confined. The difference between an explosion in the open and an explosion in a building may be compared to a saucepan of boiling water with the lid off, and a boiling kettle with a tight-fitting lid; but the vagaries of suction following the creation of a vacuum are almost incalculable. It is not enough that the object has survived the direct hit by a volume of concentrated air; it must be strong enough to resist the tendency to *run after it.* It must resist the *pull.* Dead leaves chasing the last carriage of a receding train demonstrate exactly what happens. Nature abhors a vacuum.

And it is not a straight pull. There is the cyclonic *twist* in it. If they were not vouched for by numberless eye-witnesses, the practical jokes played by the Regina cyclone in Canada in 1912 would sound incredible. Drawers were pulled out of chests, the contents scattered about the room, and the drawers neatly closed again. A couple of days afterwards there was a chirping from inside a grandfather clock. The door was opened and a chicken was released. The cyclone had brought it in from the backyard, opened the door of the clock, put in the chicken, and shut the door.

OTHER BOROUGHS TAKE NOTE: Hammersmith has completed its permanent A.R.P. shelters at Great Church Lane Recreation Ground and, as will be seen, has installed a hand-pumping system to keep them dry. Pre-cast, reinforced concrete slabs, set between discarded tramlines, constitute the walls, while the roof is composed of reinforced concrete

A.R.P.

A JANUARY DIARY

JANUARY 1. The national service effort is to come into operation this month. Existing staffs of the A.R.P. Department both at headquarters and in the provinces are to be strengthened. Experience has shown the necessity of the siting, organisation and equipment of first-aid posts and the ambulance system being closely linked with the hospital system.

The A.R.P. services are to be considerably strengthened by a certain proportion of volunteers being engaged on the basis that in time of war they would give full-time paid service.

It is officially stated that if war ever came to this country a large measure of decentralisation and devolution of the work of the Central Government would be necessary. Plans to the effect would be discussed with existing organisations, especially the local authorities. They would be capable of being put into operation at short notice, but in peace time would involve no alteration of the functioning of local authorities under the Air Raid Precautions Act. In the event of war there would be no question of the supersession of the local machine.

January 5. The authorities realise that too much attention has been devoted to anti-gas measures. In future, far more importance will be given to instructing volunteers in protection against high-explosive and incendiary bombs. Authorities point out that tardy recognition of the menace of incendiary bombs finds the fire services in a dangerous state of unpreparedness. A sense of unrest is inclined to express itself by charging the Home Office with "muddle." It is pointed out that there is a drift of trained volunteers who are discouraged and bored by having nothing to do. Local authorities complain of current delays in obtaining accommodation and approval for urgent expenditure, and urge that something more than an office is now essential for local organisation if the numbers of volunteers on hand are to be kept together.

January 6. EVACUATION. Public opinion has probably done much to bring to the forefront of A.R.P. affairs the long-delayed Anderson Report on this momentous subject.

An immediate house-to-house census is to be undertaken by local authorities throughout the country with a view to billeting 3,000,000 children in time of war, including 1,000,000 from London alone. Volunteers with identity cards and record sheets will visit every dwelling-house outside all urban areas marked for evacuation. The records, which will be confidential, will show the number of persons living in the house, surplus accommodation being reckoned at one person per habitable room. Government rate of payment being 10s. 6d. a week for one child taken, and 8s. 6d. for each additional child; Government making arrangements for transport, and for increased food supplies being made available for shopkeepers. In preference to empty houses or camps, the Ministry makes it clear that for reasons of health and comfort "the main prospective source of supply of suitable homes can only be found in the use of existing occupied houses." Householders able to show that they plan to receive relations in emergency will probably be exempted, but not necessarily in the case of friends and acquaintances. Owing to their importance in war time, farms requiring accommodation for additional labour will receive special consideration.

Houses must not only be suitable for the children, but the children must be suitable to the houses.

For the purpose of the evacuation scheme, which is understood to extend to women, children, and workers in non-essential occupations, the whole country is to be divided into three groups:—Large overcrowded areas from which evacuation is to take place; "neutral" areas not to be evacuated or used for billeting; and reception areas for refugees. Maps showing the respective areas are published by the newspapers.

January 8. Plans for the protection and defence of London's 45 miles of docks and quays and 80 miles of waterways are to be discussed by representatives of the Port of London Authority and the Government. The scheme, which includes a floating ambulance service and a mile of underground shelters, is estimated to cost about £400,000. A.R.P. trenches have been already dug to house an emergency staff of 5,000 to 6,000 who, in the event of war, would keep the key services of the port going. Of first importance nationally, the Port of London is a main source of supply of food and necessities to about 20,000,000 people. Its day population is 60,000 workers, with about 20,000 more on the river.

January 9. The hope is expressed in many quarters that a Ministry of Civilian Defence will come into being, with power to place its own

(*Continued on page 142*)

JANUARY SUNSHINE

Picture by Douglas Went

The sheep browse contentedly in the pastures warmed by the gentle January sunshine that casts its long shadows and gives a hint of brighter days ahead. A winter scene off the main London-Clacton road near Colchester

HIGHWAY SHADOWS

Picture by F. A. Girling

Batt's Farm, Mendlesham, Suffolk. A typical January scene in East Anglia, showing, like the picture above, the long shadows cast during these days when the sun is still low in the heavens

AN EXCURSION TO SUBURBIA:

Norman Collins Again Proves Himself a Master of the Commonplace Theme: Humanity but no Sense of Satire in "Love in Our Time"

MR. NORMAN COLLINS is a master of the commonplace theme. He proved with his last novel, set in an agreeably fantastic South America, that he could take successful journeys down side-lines, but it is in suburbia or the provinces that his muse is happiest.

With **LOVE IN OUR TIME** (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.) Mr. Collins is at his best. His little streets of "Tudor" houses shelter ordinary people—girls who gave up their jobs as typists to marry young men in the advertising business, and fathers who cultivate their gardens, and whose way of life is modest but comfortably solvent.

Because in each of these ordinary people there is at least a potentiality of something very far from commonplace, the author has achieved much more than an ordinary novel. He has humanity, a tiny share of that same humanity which illuminated Zola and Flaubert, although its range is in this case so closely circumscribed.

He lacks their sense of satire, perhaps deliberately he does not attempt it, because I imagine Mr. Collins to be a young and extremely wide-awake author, perfectly aware of what the Great British Public is apt to like, and perfectly wary of what it distrusts. Satire should come, I think, under the latter heading, and satire, by design or accident, is absent from Mr. Collins's new novel.

There is a certain amount of good-hearted fun, however, of the kind that is poked, and has as its objective here the most Venerable and Exalted Order of Mariners, a solemn and somehow pathetic body of men, meeting on appointed Tuesdays to find, though they scarcely realise it themselves, some escape from the woman-ruled monotony of their lives.

With Mr. Collins the story is never as important as the characters who live it, and these, as always, are sympathetically and simply drawn. A little pathos, a good deal of sensibility, an occasion for the macabre-grotesque (that funeral scene), which any country's provincial life can provide, and a feeling, by the last page, that the sentiments have been snugly and reasonably treated; in briefer words—the mixture as before.

KATIA (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) is a fairy story from Russian history. Katia was the Princess Katherine Dolgoruki who, nearly eighty years ago, captured the heart of the Tsar Alexander II and finally became his morganatic wife. Alexander was assassinated only two days before she was to have been crowned Empress and their story ended in confusion and tragedy.

Many years later, Princess Marthe Bibesco, meeting a very old lady in a friend's box at the opera in Paris, was told that this was indeed the Katia of whom she had heard in her childhood and, still enchanted by her story, determined to put it into print. "My knowledge of Katia's life," writes Princess Bibesco, ". . . was obtained from living sources, which are much better and more reliable than dead documents or diplomatic archives. Thanks to the Princess Vera (a first cousin of Katia's) I possess a *living* knowledge which, in the last analysis, forms the foundation of all sagas—oral tradition."

The story of Katia is not entirely sad; her own inherent liveliness was responsible for that. It was as a child that she first met the Tsar, when she galloped across the lawn of her father's house to receive him and up the steps of a stone staircase. It was as a very young girl at the famous Smolny Institute in St. Petersburg that she enchanted him, and he would take her for drives and send her boxes of sweets.

A few more years and they were really in love; Alexander's Empress was slowly dying and Katia was installed at the Winter Palace, later to bear him two children there. Not for a moment in the telling of their romance does Princess Bibesco falter in her conviction that theirs was truly a love story. Only when she writes of the influence that Katia had on the Russian constitution and on the Tsar's policy does one wish that she had other authority to quote than the memory of an affectionate relative. Katia's love story has its own charm. To see her as an arbiter of national destinies is a little confusing and, despite the intention, hardly adds to one's sympathy. Read it purely as a real romance and you will find it very charming.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Reviewed by Vernon Fane

During and immediately after the war there was an inclination among the writers of novels to make their more villainous characters German. This was a fairly natural reaction and it waned in force, as reactions do, with the passing of years and the spreading feeling that friendship was not only possible but imperative between European nations. I don't say that these trends were worked out quite as consciously as that, but that all but the most remarkable novelists are apt to take some colour in their writing from contemporary opinion.

So the tide of villainy withdrew from Germany and washed up on the other side of the world, and we were asked to believe in the enormities of Mexicans, unspecified dagoes and that familiar figure, the hot-blooded Latin.

Now we seem to be back again in the old tradition. Several books that I have read lately have a German—more or less sinister according to the author's manner in such things—as the focus of evil and malevolence in each story. Mr. Cecil Lewis has a beauty in his new book, which is also his first novel. **CHALLENGE TO THE NIGHT** (Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.) is South Sea adventure, as lived by the narrator, and in which for once the personal style does not jar.

The young man who is the story's hero meets and falls in love at first sight, almost at first glance, with a married woman whose husband is a German of regrettable proclivities and almost in the same baleful tradition as Bulldog Drummond's old arch-enemy.

A Tahitian background, even when it is described, as it is here, with sympathy and occasionally real beauty, has the effect of making actions seem a little larger than life-size. Drama becomes melodrama and alarming incidents attain the importance of heroic adventures. All this tends to make Mr. Lewis's book a little unreal, but it has its moments of genuine excitement and the quality of the author's writing makes it at all times far more than merely an engrossing story.

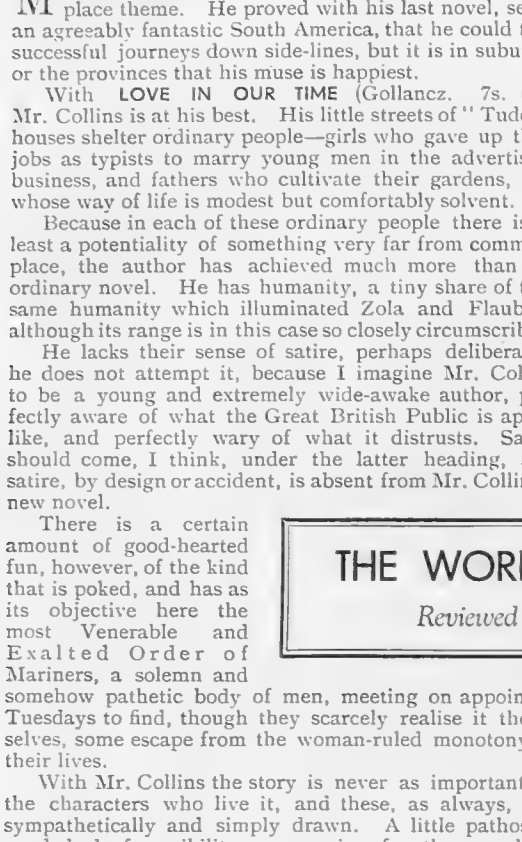
I have always thought that the relationship of uncle is one of the happiest that exists. It may not have the intimacy of affection, it certainly does not have the worries or responsibility of a mother or a father, but in its more fortunate forms it is almost ideal.

An uncle can appear and disappear as he pleases, or so it always seemed to one in childhood. He is a mysterious, and consequently an entertaining person. He is not merely the brother of a parent, but a visitor welcomed with special affection and likely to provide special pleasure. Traditionally, uncles are rich, but even when they aren't they benefit by the tradition and for most of us the wicked ones are confined to the unrealities of pantomime.

In Mr. Oliver Warner's charming little book, **UNCLE LAWRENCE** (Chatto and Windus. 5s.), an unexpected kind of uncle is introduced, a blameless prodigal son, a misty grey sheep of the family. Uncle Lawrence, at the beginning of Mr. Warner's little tale, had lived in Southern Canada for many years on an island in Lake Erie, not far from the United States border. The author visited him as a boy, and found, not a man who had "made good," in the cheap fictional sense of the word, but a man who lived an ineffectual kind of life, in poverty and still in complete integrity of spirit.

On the little island in Lake Erie lived, side by side with Uncle Lawrence, a little colony of English people, earning a hard living from the cultivation of roots and tobacco and cherishing a nostalgia for their home country. This nostalgia seldom or never, and certainly not in the case of Uncle Lawrence, was determined into a real plan for returning to England and taking up life there again.

What those voluntary exiles wanted, and what they found in the writer of this short and sensitive memoir, was a confidant, someone fresh from their old environment, to whom they could talk wistfully of Putney and Norwich, and to whom they could entrust messages. Uncle Lawrence himself found in his young visitor a new spur of life. His ramshackle bungalow with its mosquitoes and its regime of tinned food was always a


CANTVS.

THE FIRST SET
OF ENGLISH
MADRIGALS:

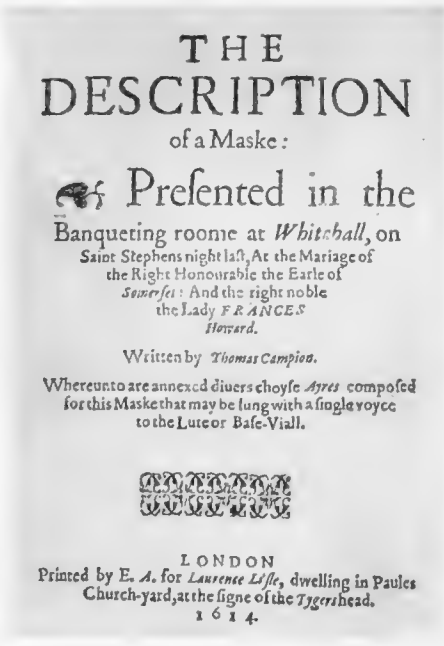
TO
Foure Voices:

Newly composed by IOHN FARMER, practicioner in the art of Musicque.

Printed at London in Little Saint Helens *by* William Barley, *the Assigne of* Thomas Morley, *and are to be solde at his sheppe* in Gratious-streete, Anno Dom. 1599.

Cum Priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.

"THE FIRST SET OF ENGLISH MADRIGALS TO FOURE VOICES": This is the frontispiece of a book printed in London in 1599. It is included in the Godfrey Arkwright collection of old music and books on music which is to be sold at Sotheby's on February 13 and 14

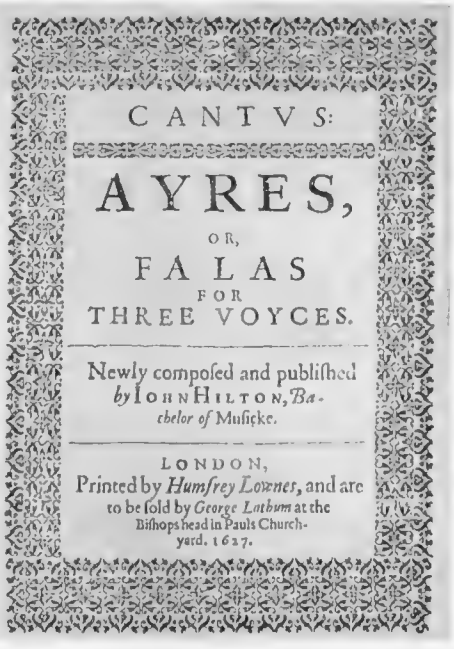

THE
DESCRIPTION
of a Maske:

Presented in the Banqueting roome at *Whitehall*, on Saint Stephens night last, At the Mariage of the Right Honourable the Earle of *Somerset*: And the right noble the Lady *FRANCES Howard*.

Written by *Thomas Campion*.

Whereunto are annexed diuers choyse *Ayres* composed for this Maske that may be sung with a single voyce to the Lute or Base-Viall.

LONDON
Printed by E. *A.* for *Laurence Lisle*, dwelling in Paules Church-yard, at the signe of the *Tygers* head.
1614.


CANTVS:

AYRES,
OR,
FALAS
FOR
THREE VOYCES.

Newly composed and published *by* IOHN HILTON, *Batchelor of* Musicke.

LONDON,
Printed by *Humfrey Lownes*, and are to be sold by *George Lathum* at the Bishops head in Pauls Church-yard. 1627.

RARE 17th-CENTURY BOOKS which are to be sold at Sotheby's. *Left*—The frontispiece of *The Description of a Maske Presented at the Marriage of the Earl of Somerset and Lady Frances Howard*, and (*right*) the frontispiece of John Hilton's *Ayres or Falas for Three Voyces*

The marriage of Somerset, the favourite of James I, in whose retinue he had come to England in 1603, and of Lady Frances, who shared so many of her husband's guilty secrets, took place on Sunday, December 26, 1613, much money being lavished for the occasion by the impoverished monarch. The masque, referred to above, was the great event of the wedding evening. It was written by Campion who described the setting of his own masterpiece in the following words:—"On the upper part (of the scene) there was formed a skye with Cloudes, very artificially shadowed. On either side of the Sceane below was set a high Promontory, and on either side of them stood three large pillars of Golde: the one Promontory was founded with a Rock standing in the Sea, the other with a wood. In the midst between them appeared a Sea in perspective with Ships, some most cunningly painted, some artificially sayling"

FRANCE'S
An Exhibition

"THE WEDDING AT
by Debucourt
eighteenth
held at the
conjured up

Just over two years ago the heirs of the late Baron Edmond de Rothschild presented to the French nation the unique collection of engravings which had been assembled by this great connoisseur. A special section of the Louvre is to be set aside for them. Until this is ready they are being shown to the public in a series of small, specialised exhibitions held at the Musée de l'Orangerie in Paris.

Last year we saw the most remarkable of the Rembrandt engravings. Now it is the colour engravings of the French eighteenth - century masters that are on view. They range from the early works of Gautier - Dagoty, to those of Debucourt, Allais, and Coqueret.

gathering place for island friends. With the arrival of a nephew it became the mainspring of social activities, even when these meant no more than an evening swim in the lake, or a tea-refreshed sing-song at a neighbour's house.

Mr. Warner's book is written in gently affectionate terms. It is a story for certain moods only, though it has its wisps of humour, as when the writer refers to a Mr. Wood who had been a missionary to the Red Indians. "Mr. Wood," observes Mr. Warner whimsically, "could have inspired no one. He would hardly have made a good martyr. He was so wizened he would have burnt too quickly."

It happens to many of us that from time to time we need to take recourse to the American language. In this connection I may say that I am a push-over for the works of Mr. Joseph Shearing. More intelligibly, I am an eager reader and an enthusiastic critic of everything that he has so far written.

(*Continued on page* 146)

COLOUR ENGRAVERS

at the Orangerie in Paris

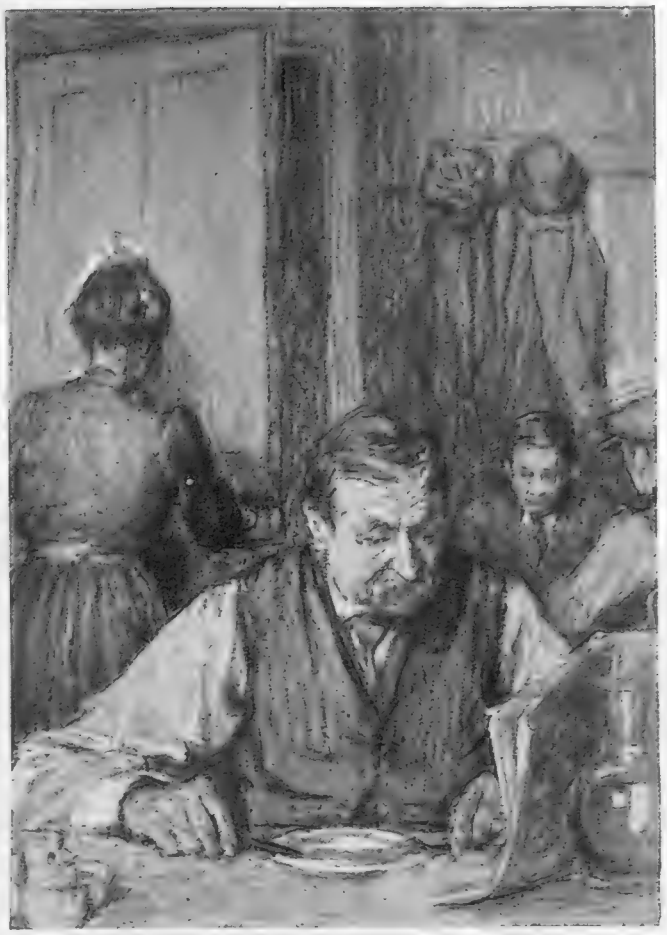
"THE CASTLE": A brilliant engraving included in the exhibition of French century colour engravings now being Musée de l'Orangerie in Paris. Debucourt pre-revolution gaiety with rare brilliance

Bought at a time when colour engraving was not yet appreciated by the public, this collection is now of almost inestimable value. It includes many unique examples, such as the portrait of Marie Antoinette in two colours by the youngest Gautier-Dagoty after the painting by his eldest brother. It is said to be the most faithful likeness of the unhappy queen. This is a mezzo-tint completed with tooled engraving. It is in sepia and pink. Equally rare is another portrait of Marie Antoinette by François Janinet that has been engraved on to a mount already engraved to represent a gold and turquoise frame. The date of this is 1774.

All the charm and glamour of the eighteenth century are to be found in the number of exquisite engravings by Debucourt, in his best pre-revolution period, by Descourtis, and in the later work of Janinet. The famous promenade of the Palais Royale, painted and engraved by Debucourt in 1792, sounds the last note of gaiety of the eighteenth century. Two very rare first and second proofs of this are shown. His later work shows the chilling influence of the Directoire.

Chronologically, the exhibition closes with a portrait of Bonaparte as First Consul, by Chataignier. This is engraved in the stencilled manner, copied from the English method.

Winifred Boulter



THE CHARM OF PASTEL: *Above*—"Toni and Yento" by Esther Borough Johnson and (*right*) "The Midday Meal" by Maude Harris. Two outstanding pictures at the fortieth exhibition of the Pastel Society which is now taking place at the Royal Institute Galleries, 195, Piccadilly, W.1. It is a curious fact that the majority of the works on view are by women, who would seem to have a particular aptitude for this medium of artistic expression. Both the pictures shown here are full of colour and animation

CONTEMPORARY ART IN LONDON

The Pastel Society's Show and Wildenstein's Exhibition of Modern French Painting

THE most interesting exhibition of the recognised societies now on view in London is that of the Pastel Society, which is being held at the R.I. Galleries. A variety of artists are showing groups of outstanding charm, and the medium of pastels gives an unusually wide scope, which is obvious in the variety of treatment.

A rather curious feature of this exhibition is that the majority of the works seem to be done by women—apparently pastels appeal more to the feminine temperament than either oils or water-colours.

Mr. Aubrey Sykes shows a particularly brilliant group of portraits, their treatment being both vigorous and full of character. His drawing of "Danaë," reproduced here, is perhaps the most striking. I understand Mr. Sykes is shortly holding a one-man show.

Mrs. Esther Borough Johnson's work is well exemplified; her "Toni and Gents" is a bold and colourful composition, the unfinished quality being so skilfully handled that although only part of it is in colour one is left with an impression of brilliance and detail.

Miss Maude Harris's drawings are all good, especially her "The Midday Meal," which can be seen in an accompanying picture. It is an amusing record of the contemporary workman's habits.

The modern French painters are on parade at Wildenstein's Galleries, the collection of contemporary work there being as a whole extraordinarily colourful—almost dazzlingly bright. Christian Caillard's painting of a dancer wearing a scarlet dress and standing in front of a mirror is a particularly pleasing picture. He has successfully caught a theatrical atmosphere without making his subject at all stagey.

Miss Bianca Treuberg's sculpture, also at Wildenstein's, is more pleasing in her head statues than in her single figures or groups.

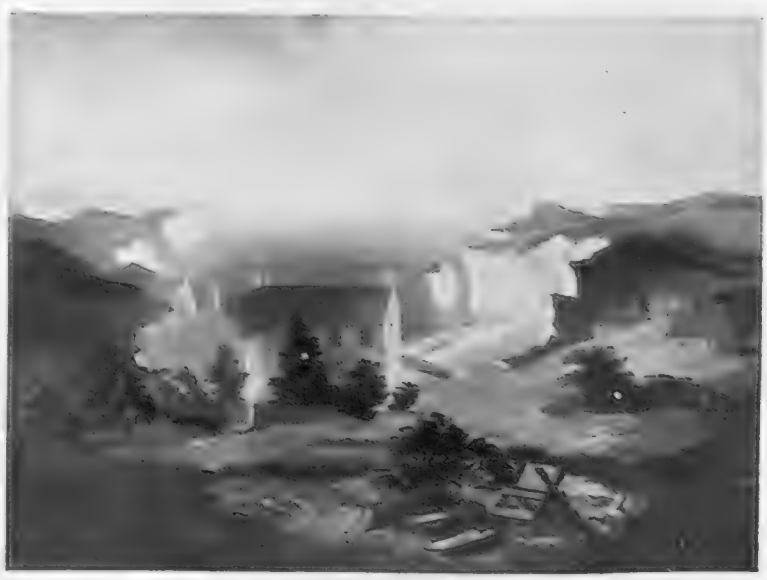
There is a solid forcefulness in her treatment of heads which is immediately striking and full of character.

In the green bronze of Miss Frances Day she has successfully caught the vivacity of her model in an effort full of movement.

Iris Brooke

"DANAE" BY AUBREY F. SYKES: A striking example of feminine portraiture at the Pastel Society's Exhibition. If this is a typical sample of Mr. Sykes' work, his forthcoming one-man show in London should be a pronounced success

"DANSEUSE": This dancer standing before a mirror in a scarlet ballet costume is Christian Caillard's contribution to the Exhibition of Contemporary French Art now taking place at Wildenstein's



AN UNEXPECTED TREATMENT: "The White Cliffs"—a drawing by Olive Deakes at the Pastel Society's Exhibition. "Here we have a sort of dream picture," writes Iris Brooke, "looking down from a height towards a brilliant sea and the sheer chalky cliffs. The distance is most impressively portrayed"

A CHANCE TO SHINE: Diana Wynyard, who has so often been unhappily cast in the course of her career, plays the part of the sophisticated Gilda in Noel Coward's *Design for Living*, which had its British premiere last week at the Regal, Brighton—a prelude to the London run at the Haymarket. Anton Walbrook and Rex Harrison have leading parts

MORE BACK-STAGE STUFF: George Murphy, Andrea Leeds, Rita Johnson and Eve Arden in *Letter of Introduction*, a rather conventional story of the show business with a fine cast headed by Adolphe Menjou, ventriloquist Edgar Bergen, and that wonder of the age Charlie McCarthy who, although he is only a ventriloquist's dummy, has the status of a star in the United States. The film was presented at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on January 23

SABU ON HIS TRAVELS: The Indian boy film actor warms his hands over the stove as he talks with a fisher girl of Volendam during a visit to this picturesque Dutch village

On Stage and Screen

BERGNER PLAYS A DUAL ROLE

"Stolen Life," a Film in "The Comedy of Errors" Vein, Lacks Plausibility Despite Czinner's Ingenious Direction: Table Tennis Tops the Bill at the Coliseum

THE film *Stolen Life*, which on its first night at the Plaza caused a certain amount of political hullabaloo, both inside and outside the theatre, is about twin sisters who are physically as alike as two peas, or, if you like, as any two Bergner performances. The parts are doubled by the one and only Elisabeth Bergner and we are given some interesting examples of the Boy David being a very good little girl and a very bad little girl. Martina was the good little twin, engaged to a nice clean young Scot, played by Mr. Michael Redgrave, and Sylvina was the bad little girl, and "when she was bad, she was 'orrid." For she pinched her twin-sister's boy-friend and married him and was drowned for her pains.

Martina had first decided to die of a broken heart, but, finding herself the surviving twin, she took her sister's place, stole her personality, and, in fact, poached her ego. Whether a man, passionately in love with a girl, can really be deceived into thinking that her twin-sister is herself I do not know, for I have never been passionately in love with a twin or even with a triplet. I had always supposed that there were individual physical points in each member of apparently identical twins, triplets, quadruplets, and quins. But for dramatic purposes twin-dom has always been useful, and Shakespeare made great use of it in *The Comedy of Errors* (which, by the way, America has recently, and most wisely, turned into a musical comedy).

Stolen Life is an even less plausible play than Shakespeare's, and not such a good one. But Herr Paul Czinner has done his best to give it plausibility by ingenious direction, and there are beautifully-photographed scenes ranging from the Alps to the Acropolis and including, for no very clear reason, a storm at sea. I did not see Miss Bergner even look at an apple this time.

At the Coliseum.—Table tennis is a smallish type of game to occupy the Coliseum's huge stage, but Messrs. Evans and Profitt played an exciting match, aided by an excited commentator, last week as a top-of-the-bill attraction. Sport and games are, I gather, to remain a prominent feature at this theatre for some time to come, as they have been occasionally in the past. Clean and healthy, anyway. I forget whether Mr. Evans or Mr. Profitt was the winner, and possibly it does not matter much.

What did matter was the excellence of Miss Florence Desmond's imitations; and of Mr. Arthur Elray's ventriloquist act, which was concerned with a cricket match, Mr. Elray controlling, apparently, quite a row of spectators. Two little children, or they may have been two midgets, danced in uncannily full-grown fashion, and Mr. Jack Daly sang some breezy Irish songs and told some breezy Irish stories (stage Irishmen simply have to be breezy).

It is good that the Coliseum has become a music hall again and it is to be hoped it will remain one. Music halls, with true variety programmes, are all too rare in London and rarer still in other parts of the country.

"La Chauve Souris."—That delightful musical fantasy, *An Elephant in Arcady*, having, owing to its success, moved to a larger home, the Savoy, it has been succeeded at the Kingsway by a revival of *La Chauve Souris*. This quaint entertainment from the Russia of rather long ago delighted London when, with M. Balieff as *compère*, it paid its first visit. Some considerable time has passed since then and passed too, alas, has M. Balieff. Much remains that is delightful, but there struck me as being over most of it an air of departed glory. Ingenuousness is a charming quality in the theatre, but it can soon wear thin and it cannot stand much repetition. I can remember enjoying in the past "Katinka" with the little girl who squeaks and dances between her stolid, red-cheeked parents, and "I miss my Swiss, my Swiss miss misses me," and I still enjoy them, though not quite so much; I never did enjoy them so much as Miss Maisie Gay's glorious burlesque of the former (for the argument that one cannot burlesque a burlesque is quite absurd).

On the other hand, burlesque opera has always struck me as about the unfunniest form of fun imaginable, as well as the most overworked. In this case it was made tolerable only by the excellence of the voices of some of those taking part in it.

Even more trying was that scene—a survival from former visits—at a Russian village dentist's, the dentist, vast and dirty, dragging his screaming patient round the room with his forceps. Russian humour I have always found a bit difficult, but it is only fair to add that this episode was accompanied by loud laughter, not all of it from Russians.

The Mozart tradition of the Kingsway—for there was much Mozart, thanks to Mr. Ernest Irving, in *An Elephant in Arcady*—was carried on by means of a slice from *Il Seraglio*, played in dumb-show. The main reason for this opera, which is not one of Mozart's best works, is that its graceful little tunes are a vehicle for singing. When there is no singing and when the "pantomime" is not overwhelmingly amusing, there seems to be little justification for it.

"Quai des Brumes" (Film).—This continued brilliance of one young French film actress after another is becoming almost monotonous, albeit here is the most welcome form of monotony imaginable. The latest is Mlle Michele Morgan, who is indubitably French and a native of Dieppe, though how a Dieppoise comes to have a name such as Morgan I cannot imagine. Perhaps she adopted it in honour of the visit of the Prince of Wales (as he then was) to the excellent little Café Nicolle in the Rue Lamorinière, where I have had as good *bouillabaisse* as I have ever tasted in Marseilles.

However, the important point is that Mlle Morgan can act excellently and that this film at the Academy, *Quai des Brumes*, is well worthy of her genius. As its title indicates, it is rather a grey story, with clouds and darkness and rain most of the time (the scene is Le Havre, and in this line the north coast of France can put up a good contest with England). The central figure is a deserter, who meets Mlle Morgan and fights over her with a sinister villain. The whole of the sordid story is treated with a subtlety never approached, and probably never likely to be attempted, by Holly- or Pinewood.

"I WONDER WHEN THEY ARE GOING TO BRING IN THE TEA"

"TINY, MY CHILD, WELCOME BACK"

"HAVE A LOOK AT THE SOLARIO COLT, MICHAEL. I'M VERY WORRIED ABOUT HIM"

"EARLY TO BED FOR YOU, BIJOU" SAYS SIR RICHARD OVER HIS EVENING GAME OF PATIENCE

"I WAS KEPT WAITING TEN MINUTES AT THE LODGE GATE"

THE ART OF EDMOND BREON: This accomplished character actor is shown above in a series of pictures from *Spring Meeting*, the successful production at the Ambassadors Theatre in which he has taken over the part of Sir Richard Furze, formerly played by Roger Livesey

Reviewed By PHILIP PAGE

"They Walk Alone."—Emmy was a servant girl who took a job in a farm-house near Lincoln and said she came from Cornwall. In actual fact, so far as Mr. Max Catto's play at the Shaftesbury, *They Walk Alone*, can be said to be concerned with facts at all, Emmy was a bat from Hell, and a vampire-bat at that. None of your usual stage "vamps" here; Emmy was as thorough with her job as the author has been with his as a blood-curdler. For she was a homicidal maniac who played the organ and disliked dogs, and so palpably and eerily homicidal was she that although I play the organ and dislike dogs I could have no sympathy with her.

She walked about Lincolnshire lanes and fields at night so much that she must have got rather cornish. But she did not walk alone. She had handsome young farmers for her companions, and the companion was usually found the next day, murdered. "It was the horrible *way* in which he was murdered," said one farmer (who was too old for Emmy's tastes), with what I believe is known as a wry face, in referring to one of the earlier crimes.

The play is highly exciting and would probably have been still more so had Emmy been played in rather more restrained fashion by Miss Beatrix Lehmann, who gave a highly-coloured melodramatic performance which was admirable in its way, but left nothing to the imagination. Every i was dotted, every t was crossed, and in a *macabre* bogy-bogy play like this it is advisable occasionally to dot a t and to cross an i, as it were.

On her first entrance one realised that Emmy was not only a witch but something that rhymes with it; she would never have been engaged by that family of sane and decent farmer folk, let alone allowed to continue in her job while the murders piled up and in face of the bitter hatred of the mistress of the house, who seemed to be the only person able to smell her out instantly. But there are far more improbabilities in the play than those arising from Miss Lehmann's handling of the chief part.

Emmy went all wrong and odd whenever she heard an organ playing. She heard it in the living-room of that farm, a scene which served for all the three acts. "It must be the vicar," she was told; "he plays beautifully." Now no farm-house is ever near enough to a church for the organ to be heard. Later on we are told that the organ in the chapel is being played. I can imagine the pother that would arise in a small village (having lived in one) if the local vicar swerved towards Nonconformity sufficiently to use the chapel organ. How the monstrous Emmy had learned to play the organ we need not speculate, for here we are on supernatural ground, with Black Mass and other nasty things to hand.

However, with all its absurdities, *They Walk Alone* fully achieves its purpose, which is to thrill, and that it does in an original fashion, with no tiresome tripe about crooks and Scotland Yard. Incomparably the best performance is that of a Miss Carol Goodner as the farmer's wife. I say "a" deliberately, for I know at least half a dozen Miss Carol Goodners, bearing no resemblance to each other, but all of them first-rate actresses.

GEORGE ROBEY CONVALESCES: The famous comedian with his wife in their Edgbaston home where he is making a good recovery from his accident sustained when falling from the stage at the Alexandra, Birmingham

"Angels with Dirty Faces" (Film).—The film *Angels with Dirty Faces* at the Warner Theatre (ex-Daly's) seemed to me to be more suited to devils with dirty minds. There are no sexual offences in it. But there is a mass of morbid sentimentality about criminology, a positively sickening type of parson, and the familiar American glorification of gangsterdom. It is quite slickly made and played, and much prominence is given to that well-known film coterie, the "Dead-end Kids."

It is not surprising to find these kids, who, for entertainment purposes, should have been dead and at an end long ago, being made to look with reverence on a deep-dyed villain, whom not even Mr. James Cagney could save from dullness. So profoundly do they adore Mr. Cagney that they do not respond to the reforming influence of one, Father Conolly, who thereupon hits on an astonishing device, the ethical aspect of which makes one reel in one's seat.

The idolised crook is caught and sentenced to the electric chair (or "hot squat"). Conolly is an old friend of his, and asks him "in friendship's name" to yell and scream with terror at the time of the execution, so that the Dead-end Kids can be told he "died yaller" and thereby, an idol being dethroned, be induced to go straight. And that is what American film "morality" can really amount to when it tries hard. It was not surprising after this to hear a choir of film angels lulling the sinful soul of Mr. Cagney into eternal rest.

SADLER'S WELLS TO PRESENT "THE SLEEPING PRINCESS": *Left*—A design by Nadia Benois for Blue Beard's costume in Act III and *(right)* designs by the same artist for the costumes which will be worn by Margot Fonteyn and Robert Helpmann in the revival of Tchaikovsky's renowned ballet which is to be produced on February 2, the proceeds of the first performance to go to the funds of the Housing Centre. This classic ballet is seldom produced in full, but the one-act abbreviation, known as "Aurora's Wedding," has for a long while past held a deserved place in the affections of the ballet-going public

"THE SPHERE'S" CHRISTMAS COMPETITION

How Readers Tackled a Difficult Problem : £10 Awarded to Prizewinners

THE PROBLEM: This was the puzzle from which readers of "The Sphere" Christmas Number were asked to assemble a picture. The circular vacant space was intended as a clue to the placing of the various pieces

THE pictorial competition for readers of THE SPHERE, set in the 1938 Christmas Number, was a greater test of artistic perception than that of the preceding year, when the competition was of a wholly architectural nature. The problem in the present case was only partially architectural, the greater number of the pieces making up the composition being arboreal in character. Much greater skill was required in linking them together, and the results were consequently very varied. Many plucky attempts were made by home readers, the western counties being responsible for by far the most effective efforts.

While these home readers in England, Wales and Scotland were cutting out the sections of the

THE PRIZEWINNERS

1st PRIZE (£5): Miss H. C. Smith, Marche Hall, Halfway House, Shrewsbury.

2nd PRIZE (£3): John Shirley-Fox, Rossetti Studios, Chelsea, S.W.3.

3rd PRIZE (£2): C. Gilliard, Rose Cottage, Charlton Park, Keynsham, Somerset.

competition and endeavouring to place them in the proper positions, other readers were wrestling with the problem in such widely scattered places as British Columbia, Waziristan, Bouches du Rhone, France; Olivais, nr. Lisbon; Nova Scotia; Colombo, Ceylon; Ploesti, Rumania; Melbourne, Australia, etc. Certain parts of disturbed Europe did not enter (they perhaps have conundrums enough of their own) and the Japanese naval captain who has competed on former occasions did not send in this year.

Drawn by Percy Home

THE ORIGINAL SKETCH from which the puzzle was made. By comparing it with the picture in the top right-hand corner of this page it will be seen how exact was the winning entry

AN ESSENTIAL UNIT in the solution of the puzzle was this Sussex oast-house and adjoining buildings. The softer shadows on some buildings provided a clue to the fact that they could not be placed in the foreground

The Problem.—In the small reproduction given here the reader can recall the problem which was set—an upland country view with a *circular* vacant space in the foreground. This was given as a clue to the actual scene, which is also reproduced here. It shows a Sussex oast-house, with packing and dispatch building in front. This was the central architectural unit of the scene, while slightly in front was another dominating unit, the two trees, one supporting a bunch of poles and the other a ladder. The foreground was a shelving, circular hollow with flowering bushes. The whole had a linear swing about it which was grateful to the eye. This composition, strictly according to nature, was cut into its component pieces, and some of our readers have been able to recompose the main order, keeping the buildings correctly to the farther side of the circle. Others would have none of this. They liked what may be termed a low horizon composition and reproduced here is one of them; very entertaining but not according to the Sussex uplands.

The Circle Idea.—Quite a number of competitors struck on the idea of the circular formation of the foreground and clung to it, although their disposition of the various items was incorrect. Croydon, Shellingford, Berks, Watford Way, Hendon, and even Vernon, British Columbia, all sent in solutions which had this virtue of the circle, but parts which should have been near were too frequently placed in the background.

Quaint.—From another competitor in Bath came a solution which employed the strip of shadow most effectively. A young Bristol reader (aged 14) put the roller as an additional wind-vane on the oast-house. A Branch Hill, Hampstead, competitor used the strip as a big path leading down from the packing house across a shelving dell—the right idea. A Tusket Falls, Nova Scotia, competitor added bushes to trees in order to increase their foliage—an overbold idea. An Enfield competitor put a small garden tree away on the far horizon where it was transformed into a giant of 500 ft. From St. Maur, Havant, came a grouping where the blossoms on the bushes must have been a yard across. They were even bigger in the composition from Puy Ricard, France.

The Parade, Cardiff, employed the roller in order to convert the barn into a second oast-house—ingenious but unwarranted. Colombo, Ceylon, kept the two trees together, but succeeded in hiding the buildings in a miraculous manner. Olivais, Lisbon, employed a small tree to add to the foliage of another—an arbitrary grafting which gave an amusing effect. All efforts in this way were outdone by London, Ontario, where bushes and trees were piled up like Pelion on Ossa.

A SECOND ESSENTIAL UNIT in the composition was provided by these two trees which stand side by side and each of which has an object leaning against it

THE WINNING ENTRY: This solution of "The Sphere's" pictorial puzzle is declared by the judges to have the best general conception of the scene, and accordingly Miss H. C. Smith, of Marche Hall, Shrewsbury, receives the first prize of £5

AN INTERESTING VARIATION: Miss E. Hamilton Hunter, who submitted this intelligent solution, was one of several readers who worked on the idea that the buildings were set on a low horizon. In a covering letter which she sent with her entry she wrote: "Thanks for a very interesting competition. It was difficult, which added to its charm"

ANOTHER SOLUTION indicative of the variety of arrangement that confronted the competitors

AT WINTER'S TURN:

A Chronicle of the Countryside

THE wide stretches of the ploughlands are moist and the long furrows run deep in violet shadows that cleave the rich brown of the soil, and upon the rise of one of these furrows there stands alert, his crest raised high, the small figure of a skylark.

To-day he is mute; it is cold and uninspiring, and he has naught to say. But his silence is ever short-lived; and soon these great open spaces will be filled yet once again with the clear crystal of his music. He does not disdain to sing when upon the earth; but he would choose always, in preference, a place of elevation in the upper air whence to voice his song. His presence here brings back to mind that bleak period a short while past when unusual happenings took place in the bird world, induced by the bitter weather. Thus, strangely, in late December, vast flocks of larks made their appearance in and about the towns. Many of these had flown across from the Continent, driven forth by the intense cold which was prevailing there. They came hoping to find milder conditions over here. But in vain. For the icy blast had travelled even faster than they, and they arrived to discover the whole country snowbound.

Thereupon the starving birds besieged the haunts of civilisation. They came to feed in the gardens of London's suburbs—and even penetrated right into the metropolis itself, mingling freely with the resident birds, and eating gratefully of anything that might be offered to them. Many must needs have perished during the cruel weather. Their staple food of seeds and insects was unobtainable; and the difficult journey would have taken a sad toll of the many travellers.

There were, also, companies of redwings hastening to find some warmer sheltering place; and these could be heard calling to one another as they passed above London during the night—weird-sounding cries in the stillness of the long dark hours. They must have suffered greatly, for they are far from being hardy, and their powers of endurance are slight.

And here, in the field that borders on the ploughlands, some half-dozen of these redwings can now be seen. Perhaps members of one of those hungry flocks that hurried over London last month. Here there is provender in plenty to be found; the earth is soft and prolific; and the birds look well and in fine plumage.

The warm rose-red upon their flanks is clear to view as they run hither and thither in an abrupt thrush-like movement.

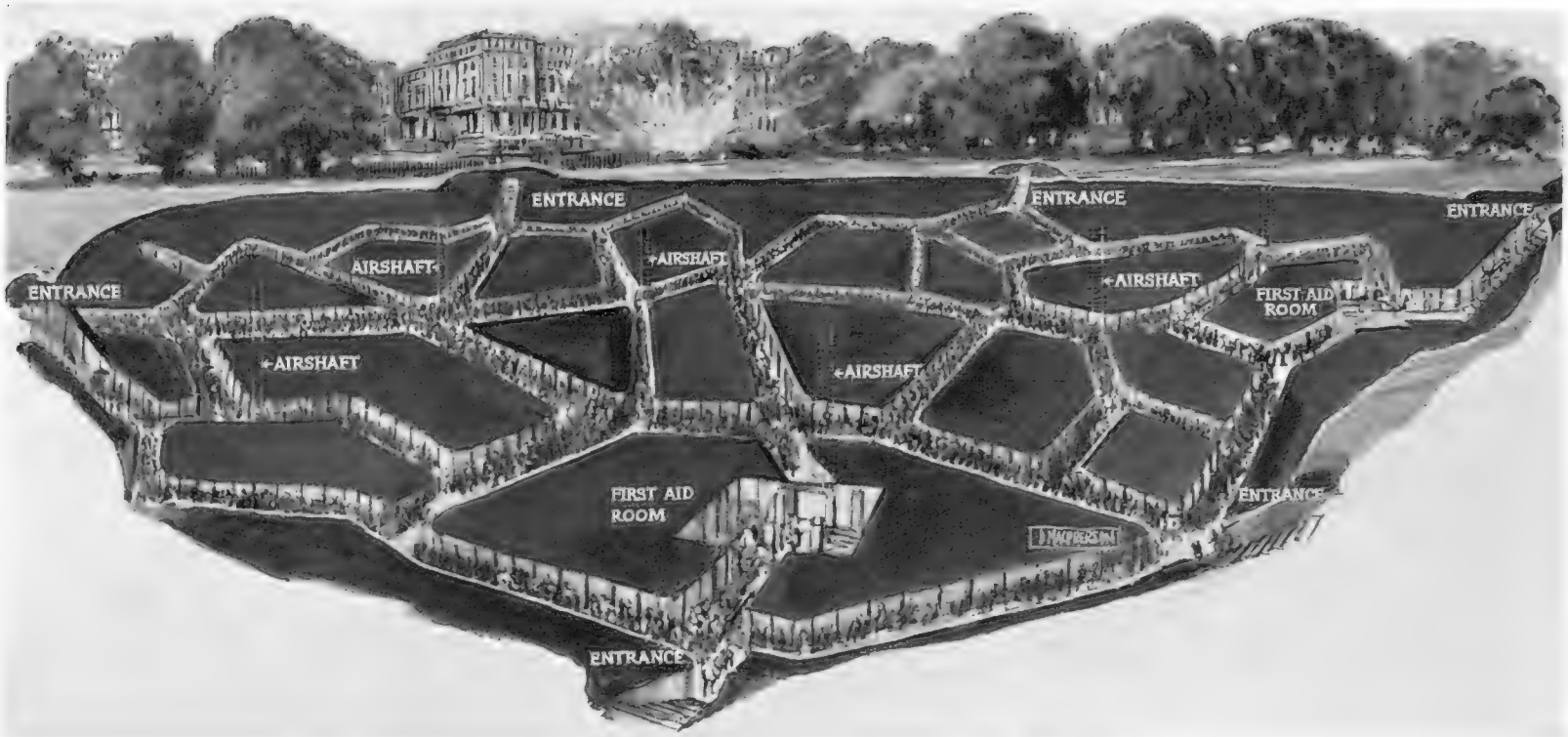
It is owing to the fact that these redwings used to haunt the neighbourhood of Ilion—Troy that the species received the tuneful name of Turdus Iliacus.

Beside the hedge a fieldfare is stalking. He, too, hails from Scandinavia; and he counts the redwings as his near relations. In his dress, however, there are some variations to be seen, although he wears the customary speckled waistcoat. For his plumage is touched with ash-colour, chestnut and black.

In a few weeks' time this bird will be off and away—speeding back to his far distant home in Scandinavia. Meanwhile he is gazing around him; and seeing his comrades all still near at hand, he gives a low harsh cry, presumably of satisfaction, and once more applies himself to an investigation of the surrounding turf.

Muriel W. Haywood

BARCELONA and its LESSONS: Passive Defence Methods in Catalonia and What They Teach London's A.R.P. Authorities



FOR REDUCING CASUALTIES TO A MINIMUM the authorities in Barcelona have been successfully employing labyrinthine shelters of this type. The passages, which are 4 ft. wide and 7 ft. or 8 ft. high, are set at least 40 ft. below the ground and, as there are several exits, there is little likelihood of people becoming entombed. Many lives must have been saved this week through the existence of these shelters

ABOVE-GROUND REFUGES of this kind have been widely used in Barcelona and Valencia. They are composed of massive blocks of concrete and, according to a journalist who has spent much time in Spain of recent months, they have proved most effective in protecting the civilian population from the raids of the rebel air force

SORROWING AMID THE WRECKAGE OF HER HOME: An old woman of Barcelona sits by the debris and contemplates the cheerless future that lies ahead

EMERGING from the tragedy of the Spanish civil war are many valuable lessons that Britain and other countries interested in air-raid precautions cannot afford to ignore.

One man who has made an intensive study of A.R.P. methods in Government Spain is Mr. Cyril Helsby, a prominent engineer, and it is his view that it is easily possible to construct in Britain at reasonable cost air-raid shelters that would afford complete protection from all forms of bomb attack.

Only a few days ago Mr. Helsby outlined his plans to a conference of medical and surgical experts and it is understood that the plans have now been submitted to the Government.

Mr. Helsby has been profoundly impressed by the deep shelters which have been constructed in Barcelona and which have enormously decreased the volume of casualties of recent months.

He does not urge that deep shelters are absolutely essential in Britain, however, but from his experiences in Spain, where he saw at least thirty different types of shelter, he is convinced that accommodation for hundreds of thousands of people could be constructed in this country within a few weeks.

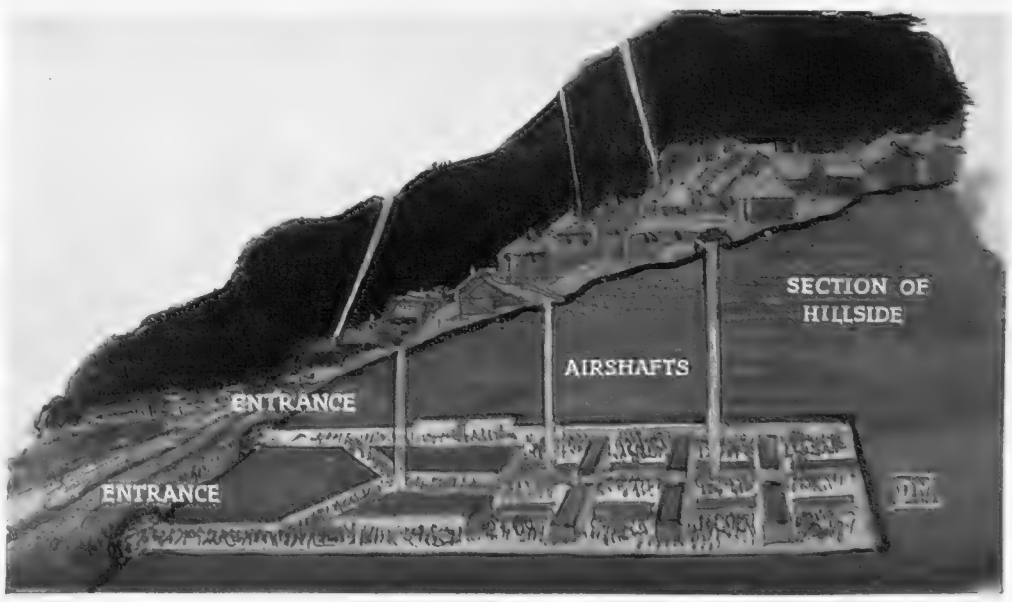
"Each shelter," he says, "should be constructed according to the exigencies of the site. Some types would be wholly below ground, others partly above ground.

"Shallow shelters with 'sandwich' roofs—that is, multi-layers of concrete and earth—would be quite satisfactory. Existing basements could be made bomb-proof, but not in the manner suggested by the Government.

"There are plenty of sites for shelters in all our cities. The materials and labour required to give the whole population adequate protection would not be expensive, and there are no engineering difficulties at all in the way of our getting on with the job."

Regarding the use of trenches in Barcelona, Mr. Helsby writes: The Government instructed the authorities to dig trenches, and these were started with feverish haste, and, after they had been dug, many of them were roofed over with boarding and 2 ft. of earth, in similar manner to the method recommended in this country. The people took shelter in these trenches, until the enemy, changing its tactics of dropping large bombs, broadcast over considerable areas bombs weighing only 20 lb. each.

The comparative safety, therefore, that it was thought the trenches would give was destroyed, because of the number of times that the small bombs found their way into them. The people refused any longer to go into them. Consequently, the Barcelona authorities began digging the deep tunnel type of refuge here illustrated, with excellent results. . . . Casualties diminished at once.



On right—AN IDEAL SPOT FOR A DEEP SHELTER: At Montjuich, near Barcelona, advantage has been taken of the steeply sloping ground to drive galleries into the hillside, two entrances being provided in case one should be blocked. Three airshafts give ventilation. A shelter such as this would be cheap to construct in comparison with the elaborate type depicted at the top of this page

A.R.P.

A January Diary

(Continued from page 134)

contracts. At present Horseferry House shares its task with the Ministry of Health, the Board of Education, the Ministry of Transport, and the Home Office.

Sir John Anderson is subjected to a growing volume of criticism. This relates for the most part to absence of guidance from Whitehall on bomb-proof shelters; the trenches dug last September, and their system; and the shortage of equipment for the fire-fighting services.

A Frenchman claims to have discovered a solution which, applied to clothing and other materials, will render them impervious to penetration to liquid mustard gas.

January 10. Sir John Anderson, it was reported, made a statement in defence of the civil defence programme.

"We are working on the assumption that there is risk of war within a comparatively short time. That does not mean that we expect war . . . .

"Delivery of equipment for defence, originally planned for 1941, will now be substantially completed during 1939 . . . . The end of last September imposed on the Government the necessity of taking a fundamentally different view of the problem of civilian defence . . . .

"It was not until July, 1938, that the Home Office got administrative control over the fire brigade organisation . . . . It may now be anticipated that all orders for equipment will be substantially completed by the end of 1939, though we had envisaged 1941 as the date for completion . . . .

Plans for a £100,000,000 scheme for combined air-raid shelters and underground car parks in all congested city areas will shortly be laid before Sir John Anderson by a big City group, on the condition that the Government will give them a conditional guarantee of 4 per cent. interest on capital expenditure, and that they are permitted to operate the structures as car parks when not required for military use.

The London County Council have asked the Borough Council to fill in any A.R.P. trenches on Hampstead Heath on the site where the annual fair is held.

January 12. Government has finally decided against the general principle of deep air-raid shelters for the public on the ground that they would take too long to construct and are contrary to the principle of dispersal, a mass movement of people to and from such shelters being liable to draw the attention of enemy pilots.

January 13. Sir John Anderson has declined the proposal of the A.R.P. sub-committee of the Metropolitan Boroughs Standing Joint Committee to transfer wardens to the Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis on the ground that it would involve delay, and would not generally be accepted by wardens.

January 14. While the authorities were deciding to rule out "deep" public air-raid shelters for the present, 300 A.R.P. wardens met and appointed a deputation to visit the Home Office and urge that ample bomb-proof shelters as a permanent part of national defence be provided without delay.

January 15. A distinction is drawn between Sir John Anderson's "short term" private steel shelters and "long term" public shelters by a proposal to adapt the Underground railways to the latter purpose by the excavation of subterranean halls adjoining Tube stations.

January 17. An initial order for 120,000 tons of steel sheets and accessories sufficient for 400,000 "unit shelters" has been placed by the Home Office, representing about one-tenth of the total programme. The shelters will be delivered in sections at Government cost, and when made up will give protection to four or five persons. Units can be increased in size by adding sections. The initial order will take about three months to complete, production subsequently proceeding more rapidly as plant and labour are adjusted.

January 18. Co-ordination of London's A.R.P. services was again discussed, it was reported, at a meeting between Sir John Anderson and leading members of the L.C.C. and the Metropolitan Boroughs Standing Joint Committee, who again pressed the Lord Privy Seal to consider means of establishing these services on a basis better calculated to promote it. Sir John Anderson promised to reconsider the points raised. London boroughs are not wholly satisfied with Sir John Anderson's refusal to establish these London A.R.P. services on a centrally organised basis in peace time.

Mr. Walter Elliot, Minister of Health, stated in a speech at Glasgow that the whole medical system of the country would be treated as one organisation in case of emergency.

January 19. Comparing the forces of the Empire to a good football team, General Sir Walter Kirke, Director General of the Territorial Army, said last night that A.R.P. was the goal-keeper, but the fate of the Empire would not be decided in the basements of Britain but by the men who faced danger in the open.

January 20. It is the view of American and German naval strategists that air operations would soon result in a deadlock, and that the final issue would be determined by sea power in the form of blockade. A recent report by the United States Naval Intelligence Bureau credited Britain and France with "overwhelming sea supremacy" against any possible combination of aggressor Powers.

THE MONTE CARLO RALLY: Two pictures taken as competitors checked in at the finish of the rally when many cars of different nations arrived at the final control after driving from various parts of Europe. *On the left* is Mrs. Molander-Barth, who started from Stavanger, driving a D.K.W. *On right* is Miss Amy Johnson, who drove with Mrs. McEvoy. They started from John o' Groat's

DO SIGNALS MAKE CARELESS DRIVERS?

If All Road Signals Were Declared Illegal, Drivers Would Have To Use More Caution

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. (Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

WE motorists are born into a world of difficulty. Our path through life is guided by regulations which lay down what we ought to do and what we must not do, but I think that a very large proportion of our troubles are brought upon us through the medium of the trafficator. This device was given to us with the very best intentions and to relieve us of the necessity of having to lower the window and thrust out our arm into the cold and unpleasant atmosphere. No doubt many people have made quite a lot of money through the introduction of the trafficator, but, so far as I can see, the motoring community, except a very limited minority, have derived nothing else but anxiety from the introduction of this device.

I should say that the most dangerous and certainly the most annoying type of driver is the individual who strains to act in complete conformity with the Highway Code. In endeavouring to satisfy his conscience he uses the trafficator on every conceivable occasion. If he is going to pull out 18 ins. to overtake a cyclist out comes that red, illuminated arm. True, there is no great harm in this procedure but to me it is most irritating. If such a device as a trafficator had not been invented I cannot see any ordinary driver giving any signal at all if he was just going to pull out 18 ins. or 2 ft. I doubt if he would have the inclination on a rainy day to lower his window, thrust out his arm and raise the window again, just to tell following travellers that he was going to overtake a cyclist.

Then again the trafficator being so easy to operate induces drivers to use it on many other occasions when it is quite unnecessary. I tremble to anticipate the day when the London Passenger Transport Board buses are fitted with these signal arms. The position at the moment is bad enough but when they have trafficators I am worried to think what will happen.

Drivers should understand that the right arm thrust out of the window in a horizontal position or the trafficator signal is not a command but a courtesy. The driver of a bus has no more official status than I have and so is no more entitled to command the following traffic to halt while he takes his bus out into another stream of traffic than poor humble me. True, he does it with success gratifying to himself on frequent occasions merely because weight tells. I do wish the Highway Code would lay greater emphasis on the fact that these signals are merely meant to indicate an intention and not to give a command.

This abuse of signals is just one instance why I have continually advocated that all hand signals and trafficators should be abolished. If no such signs were acknowledged by the authorities it would make drivers who pull out from the nearside kerb, and those who turn off to the right to go up some private drive, far more cautious. It is most disconcerting and sometimes positively dangerous to find oneself coming along a main road quite legitimately at 70 m.p.h. to discover without very much warning that the car in front which is just about to be overtaken is going to turn off to the right up a private avenue.

If there were no signals recognised all drivers would have to pilot their cars with greater discretion and I venture to think that even if there were not fewer accidents there would not be such a great number of hectic moments. The perfect driver is the man or woman who drives his or her car so that no other road user or the passengers within the car in question is in any way inconvenienced by the presence of that car on the road. Very few motorists ever draw close to that ideal but I feel certain that they would get nearer if all road signals were declared illegal, or at any rate, undesirable.

Some people are under the impression that trade is bad at the moment. Apparently, these dismal Jimmies prefer not to refer to the situation as a slump but rather as a "repression." At all times there are high and low spots in any particular trade, and undoubtedly at the moment certain firms are not doing as well as they would like to do.

On the other side of the picture, however, I know for a fact, as I have a near relative working in the firm, that one of the biggest distributors in England have just recorded the best financial figures they have ever had for one month since they started business, which to my knowledge was before the war. So far as I know, the firm in question has made no public announcement regarding this achievement, and I have only got to hear of it because I have inside information. Whilst I might be a little hesitant in accepting such a statement in the ordinary way, I know in this particular case that the condition of affairs is as I have said. On top of that I have word from Morris Motors, Ltd., that during last year deliveries of their marine engines from January 1 to December 31, 1938, showed an increase of 12½ per cent. as compared with the previous twelve months. True, these instances may only be considered as straws, but I think they can be taken as an indication of the way in which the wind is blowing.

Recently an exhibition of aviation arranged by Shell-Mex and B.P. Limited was opened by Lieut.-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, M.C., M.P. I have to confess that up to the moment of writing I have not been able to pay a visit but I hope to do so before the show closes. I am told that the exhibition appeals to a variety of tastes. I am quite certain from what I have learnt already that anyone who has the faintest interest in flying will spend a very happy hour or so going round this exhibition.

The airport of the future has been planned and can be seen, but perhaps the most interesting of all the exhibits are the reproductions of a range of natural flying types and models of man's efforts to copy them from the pterodactyl to the machine with which the Wright brothers won fame.

THE LITTLE BRITON: The smallest-engined car among the British entries, a Morris Eight, driven by W. A. Mackenzie and M. Mavrogordato, undergoing the difficult eliminating trial on arrival at Monte Carlo

A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

The Sophisticate: *Perfectly poised and exquisitely dressed, hers is an intriguing and subtle personality. Nothing about her is haphazard, not even the last small tendril of her burnished hair. Here she is wearing a Molyneux hat in black tulle, weighed down with white gardenias and a red rose, and veiled with pink*

The Ingénue

The Debonair:
Gay and simple and very trim, she likes clothes that are not eccentric and perfumes that are unpretentious. Here she wears a Louise Bourbon hat in bright blue panama trimmed with rust red suede, while the Ingénue has chosen a hat of pink felt trimmed with black ribbon and lace

PERFUME is not a luxury. It is a spell-binder, and the woman who makes no use of it deliberately lessens the acuteness of her perception, for nothing stimulates the imagination nor awakens memories so surely as a re-discovered fragrance. In themselves they need not be romantic. It may be just the smell of new-mown hay, of bread baking in the kitchen, of a material that one wore when one was very young. But whatever it is, the years are magically stripped away, and one's whole mind is filled with vivid pictures.

For that very reason no woman should use one perfume always. Her moods must change, and so should the expression of them if her personality is to be a varied and gracious thing. There are, of course, certain scents that are suitable for almost any occasion, certain fragrances that are beloved by everybody. Bouquet L'Entheric is one of them. Light and fresh and utterly charming, it is meant to be used generously, and is particularly pleasant sprayed on the body after a bath. It is not too insistent to be used in the country, nor is it too artless to complement formal clothes.

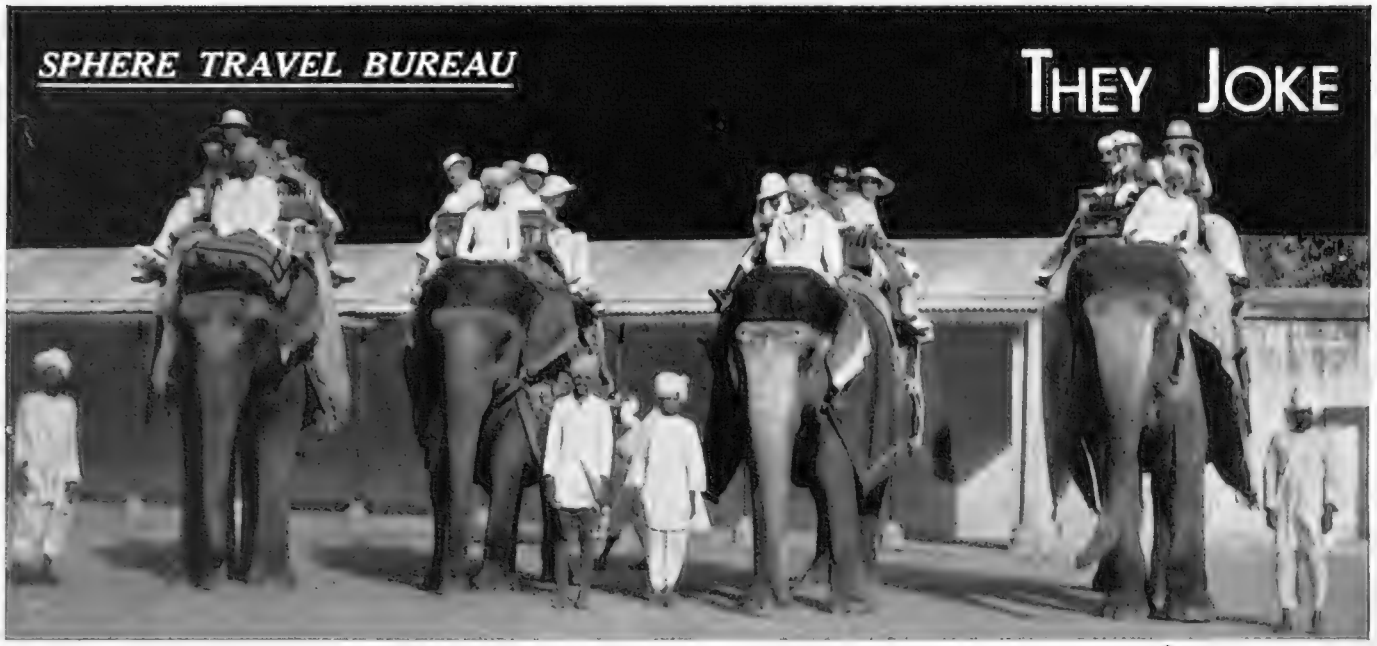
More exciting occasions call for something in a higher key. Among these, Schiaparelli's Shocking appeals immensely to women, who find it mentally stimulating and emotionally satisfying. It is also pleasing to the majority of men, but it should be used sparingly, for it is extraordinarily penetrating. Never use any concentrated essence on clothes, and in particular never let them come into contact with furs. They are always infinitely more delightful if they are brought to life by the warmth of the skin, and if they are renewed completely rather than added to.

For the sophisticate, Lelong's Passionnement is a new and thrilling experience. It is the newest Lelong perfume, and while it has the charm of all the others it has, in addition, a mysterious allure that is peculiarly its own. A perfume for a grand occasion, or for romance Another newcomer is Coty's Paris, which more than fulfils all the visions that its name conjures up. It is gay and charming and ageless.

Age is important in regard to perfumes. There are certain types that are definitely only for the young girl. And far more that are only suitable for the woman who has gained poise. The very young should use only flower perfumes or bouquets. All the sweet freshness of a bluebell wood is imprisoned in Floris's new English Bluebell, and this is something that has never before been captured.

The choice of a perfume is an intensely individual thing, and it is one that requires a high degree of skill. Never be persuaded into buying one that does not really appeal to you, and when you have bought it keep it carefully in a dark place. No perfumes like light, for it causes them to evaporate and to lose their strength.

The Debutante: *Utterly charming and frank, she must wear nothing that will dim the bright softness of her youth. Her clothes must have an artless grace, and her perfume should be a simple floral one. Heim makes this enchanting dance dress of palest rose taffetas, shirring it below the waist and threading a broad ribbon through the neck*



TO AMBER ON ELEPHANT BACK: Travellers pictured outside the now-deserted city, which was once the capital of Jaipur and was a flourishing centre nearly a thousand years ago

THEY JOKE ABOUT POONA —*But*

It is One of India's Most Charming Cities on the Southward Route from Bombay

INDIA is such a stupendous subject that it almost confounds anyone who attempts to present its wealth of travel interest in the compass of one of these pages. So in previous articles I have followed some of the most travelled routes. Foremost among these is that between Bombay and Calcutta which links the great centres of interest in the north—Udaipur, Jaipur, Delhi, Agra, Lucknow and Benares. We have also approached the country over its southern threshold from Ceylon. This time I want to map a route which is not so well known but those who follow it will find beauty and interest in abundance.

It may be followed from north to south or the other way about. Let us assume that we arrive at Bombay, which to the western world is the gateway to India. Originally there were seven islands, but these have been made one and on it has arisen this great city with magnificent modern buildings and a picturesque blending of people from all parts of the country. You will require three or four days to have a look round before setting out on your tour, and one excursion must be to Elephanta island, six miles out in the harbour. Landing from the steam launch or "bunder" boat, you climb a long flight of steps to the top of a hill but the ascent may be made in a chair carried by local porters. On the top is the shrine of Shiva, containing Hindu sculptures, some of them 1,200 years old.

The island gets its name from the life-size stone figure of an elephant which the early Portuguese settlers found there, and it is now in the Victoria Museum in Bombay. If you fancy some more caves I would suggest those at Borivli, the Kennery caves, about an hour's run from the city. There are more than a hundred of them, some great halls with ancient carvings and others like tiny cells.

And now to Poona, a name which always seems to raise a laugh, in fact I have known people question whether there was such a place, having a deep-rooted conviction that it was a pure invention of pukka colonels and the Indian Civil Service. Of course we know better, but it is rather curious that more travellers in the country do not make a point of stopping there for it is one of the most charming towns. The journey from Bombay occupies a little more than four hours and should be made by daylight in order to appreciate the scenery of the tree-clad heights and the ascent of the Bhor Ghat. Poona's historical associations are unlimited and go back to the time when the city was the headquarters of Shahji, the Maratha leader. On Parvati Hill, overlooking the city, is a famous temple built about the middle of the eighteenth century at a cost of £100,000 and the Sangam, at the junction of two rivers, is one of the most interesting sights. Poona has something more than natural beauty and historical interests, it has unique social and sporting amenities. The season commences in July.

From Poona the next halting place is Bijapur, the capital of the Muhammadan state of the same name, which flourished 400 years ago. It has some remarkably fine architecture, the tomb of Ibrahim Ranza being one of the most beautiful buildings in India. This sultan was very kindly disposed towards the Portuguese, who bequeathed the state a legacy of art which remains to this day. The mausoleum of Muhammad Adil Shah, the son of Ibrahim Ranza, is known as Gol Gumbaz and is crowned by the largest dome in the world.

The present Portuguese possession in India was carved out of the original state of Bijapur. The settlers seized a small coast town and founded Goa, which rapidly rose to great prosperity, in fact it was reputed to be the wealthiest city in India. It fell into decay owing to climatic conditions and New Goa was established. The old town remains a place of pilgrimage, for in the church of Bom Jesus there is a silver coffin containing the body of St. Francis Xavier. Under Portuguese influence Goa offers the traveller something different from other parts of India.

We next enter one of the most fascinating parts of the country, Mysore, to which the adjective "majestic" may be aptly applied, particularly during the two great festivals, the birthday of the Maharaja and Dasara. The beautiful capital, Mysore City, more than 2,500 ft above sea level, is the place to be in on these occasions, the first falling in May or June and the other in September or October. The royal palace, illuminated on these occasions, is an unforgettable sight. The hill of Chamundi is the background of the city. Ascend it at sunset and if the sky is clear the distant line of a wonderful panorama will be the Nilgiris or Blue Mountains, on which is the famous hill station, Ootacamund ("Ooty" for short). Although these hills are only 11 deg. from the equator their climate is similar to that of England at its best. About 10 miles from Mysore City is Seringapatam, the old stronghold which for nearly two centuries was the capital of the state. There you will see the palace and tomb of the once mighty Tippu Sultan, the "Tiger of Mysore."

DEDICATED TO PARVATI, DAUGHTER OF THE HIMALAYA: This renowned Temple of Parvati stands upon a hill overlooking the beautiful city of Poona. It is said to have cost in the neighbourhood of £100,000

A visit should be made to the Gersoppa or Jog Falls, away on the borders of the Bombay Presidency. They are formed by the river Sharavati falling into a chasm 1,000 ft. deep and about half a mile wide. There are four falls and they are seen at their best between November and January. In a wild and picturesque setting, they are one of the finest sights in India and well worth the not inconsiderable journey involved. They are reached by rail or road from Mysore City to Shimoga, a distance of about 175 miles and from that point cars may be hired for the run to the Falls.

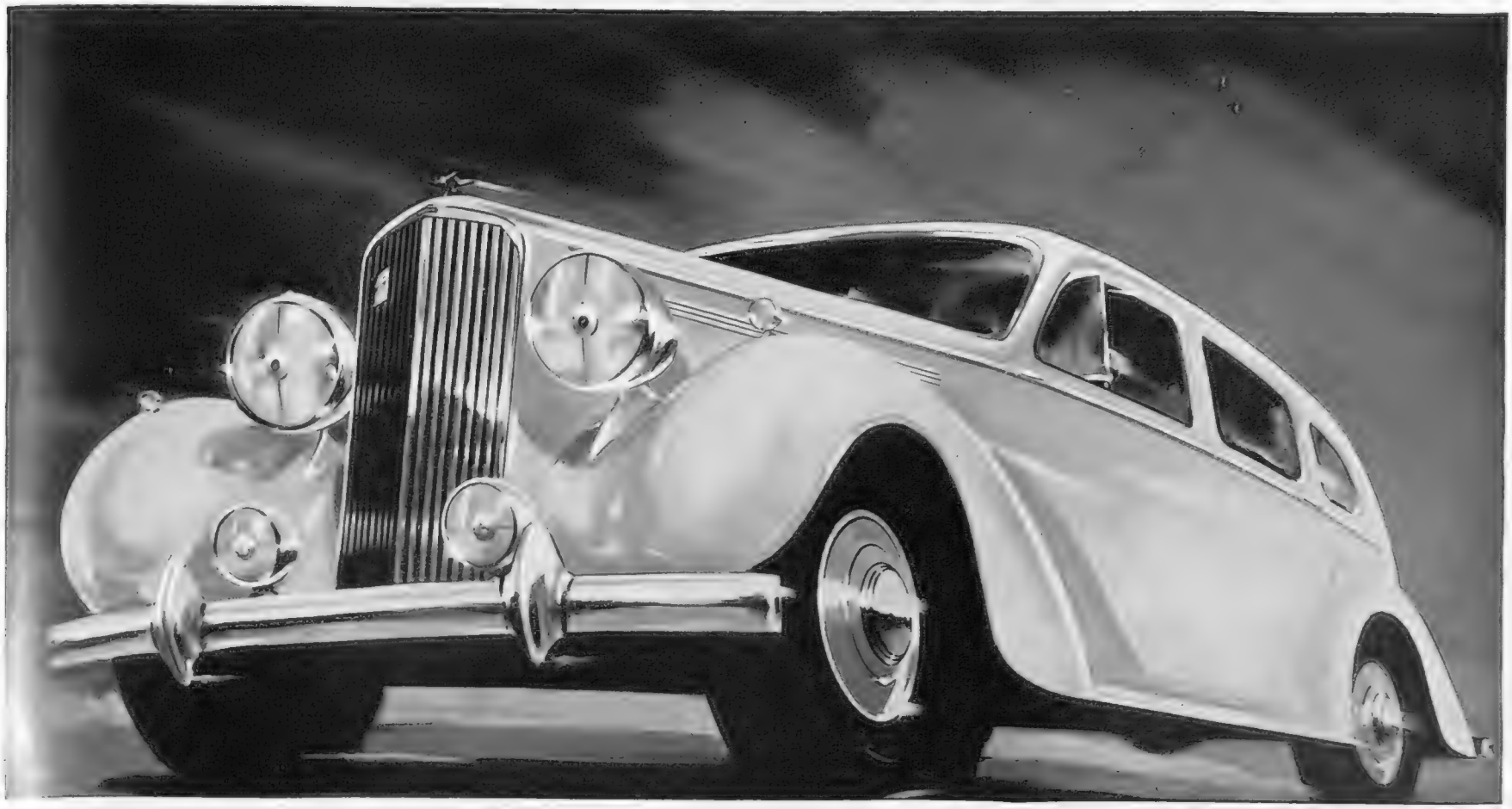
Between 80 and 90 miles from Mysore is Bangalore, which stands in high favour with Europeans by virtue of a delightful climate and reasonable living costs.

After Mysore I suggest making for Trivandrum, the capital of Travancore, which is referred to as the spice garden of India. Only 40 miles away by road is Cape Comorin, the most southerly point of India, and incidentally a delightful seaside resort. Travancore is an ideal part for holiday makers. There are delightful lagoons and rivers, a good coast line, a fascinating Royal Game Sanctuary and some fine old buildings. Its people are cultured and their Maharaja an enlightened prince whose celebrated Temple-Entry Proclamation abolishing untouchability is paralleled with the abolition of slavery in the west.

That brings my tour to a close. It demands all the time you can possibly give to it and the return may be made up the east coast to Madras and Calcutta or perhaps through Ceylon.

Beverley Brooke

A WONDER OF ARCHITECTURAL INGENUITY AT BIJAPUR: The great domed building towards the left is known as the Gol Gumbaz or Mausoleum of Muhammad Adil Shah. In the foreground is a mosque which has now been converted into a museum. The stone cannon-balls are relics of early religious wars



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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

(*Continued from page* 137)

His methods are simple and extraordinarily effective. He bases each book on a crime which has actually taken place and for which records exist. Having thoroughly mastered and absorbed all the circumstances that evidence offers he then re-tells the story as fiction, and the result is as little like a tedious re-hashing as a cold poached egg is like *œuf Benedictine*.

Mr. Shearing's new production is BLANCHE FURY (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.), and is his reconstruction of a crime which is still remembered in Norfolk, although it took place there almost a hundred years ago. A man, roughly disguised as an old gipsy woman, broke into the house of the Recorder of Norwich, shot him down, and when the son and the son's wife ran to his help, murdered them, too, and wounded their little daughter, who lingered painfully and half-mad for some months and then died.

The only member of the household to be spared was a young woman, a cousin, with whom it was said that the murderer was in love, although she subsequently denounced him. The story is horrific enough, and Mr. Shearing adds his own particular touch of terror in the telling. What makes it so much more than a blood-and-thunder is the author's admirable power of creating an atmosphere—as you read the book it seems almost tangible—and the skill with which he builds up the motives of jealousy and ambition.

Once again, full marks to Mr. Shearing!

Books Received — JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—STRAW IN THE HAIR: An Anthology of Nonsensical and Surrealist Verse. Compiled and edited by Denys Kilham Roberts. 7s. 6d. WHEELS ON GRAVEL. By Alyse Gregory. 6s. LONGMANS.—WHISPERING LEAVES IN GROSVENOR SQUARE, 1936–7. By Yuki Yoshida 3s. 6d. MACMILLAN.—ICARUS: An Anthology of the Poetry of Flight. Compiled by R. de la Bere and Three Flight Cadets. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. MASSIE PUBLISHING CO.—THE ARMOURED CRUISER: A Naval Romance of the Great War. By F. Schauwecker. 7s. 6d. COUNT ZEPPELIN: The Man and His Work. By Dr. Hugo Eckener. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. FREDERICK MULLER.—CHAMPIONS ALL. Camera studies by E. R. Hall. Introduction and notes by T. D. Richardson. 15s. RETROSPECT. By the Marchioness of Londonderry. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. PITMAN.—THE ART OF THE PLAY. By Hermon Ould. 7s. 6d. RIGHT BOOK CLUB.—PROPAGANDA BUNK. By A. J. Mackenzie. 2s. 6d. SANDS.—THE ENIGMA OF JAMES II. By Malcolm V. Hay. 8s. 6d. SCIENTIFIC BOOK CLUB.—SUN SPOTS AND THEIR EFFECTS. By H. T. Stetson. 2s. 6d. SECKER & WARBURG.—GREEN BANNERS. The Story of the Irish Struggle. By R. M Fox. Illustrated. 12s. 6d.

HONOURING BRITAIN'S CONSUL-GENERAL IN BERLIN:

This was the scene at the dinner given in Berlin on January 17 to mark the silver wedding of Mr. George Lyall, the British Consul-General, and Mrs. Lyall who were entertained by their friends of the British, American, and Dutch colonies. Seated in the centre is Mr. W. Crawford Duncan, who presided. Mrs. Lyall is on his right, while Mr. Lyall is two places away on his left. Mr. Lyall has been in the Consular Service since 1917, his first post being in Bolivia

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Photo: C. Brandt, Arosa

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Suvretta	40	13.—	Altein Grand Hotel	150	18.—
Parkhotel	90	13.50	Arosa-Kulm	170	18.—
Merkur	40	14.50	Excelsior	100	18.—
Alpensonne	40	15.—	Hof Maran	110	18.—
Bellevue	110	15.—	Neues Waldhotel	125	18.—
Post-und Sporthotel	70	15.—	Tschuggen Grand Hotel	180	18.—
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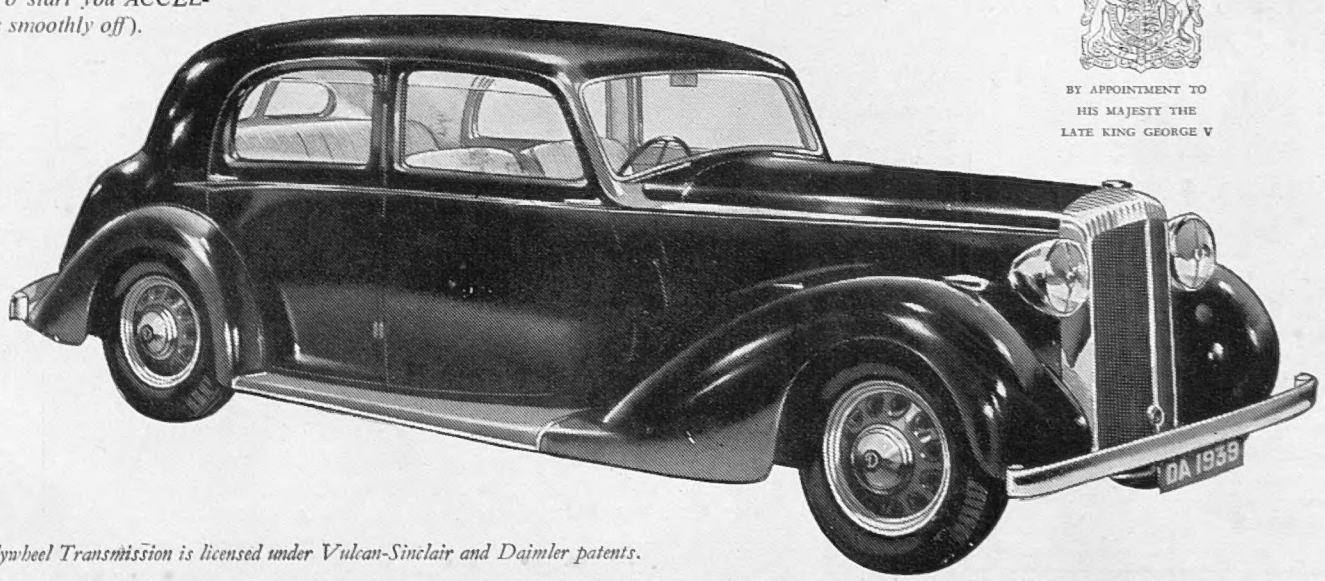

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In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Shrewsbury, Ludlow, and Church Stretton, Ideal Centres from which to Explore England's Middle West : Where Spring Comes Early and Winter is Kind

MOST people's thoughts turn south and west at this time of the year, for it is there that one catches the first breath of spring blowing inward from the Atlantic. "O western wind, when wilt thou blow?" Soon we shall feel that faint warm breath, and even if "the small rain down can rain," it is welcome.

Much has been written on the south and the south-west, so let us turn for a change to England's middle-west, to Shropshire. Few counties can rival Salopia for scenery, and few counties get the warm sun earlier. I have sat on the slopes of the Long Mynd above Church Stretton and eaten a picnic lunch in January before now; and for all I know it may be possible again this year. But, whatever the weather, nobody will regret a visit to Shrewsbury or Ludlow and the country round about, and it is of this area that I propose to write.

In Shrewsbury one can stay in comfort at the Old Lion at the top of Wyle Cop. (Incidentally, what amazing street names there are in this town—Mardol, Dogpole, Shoplatch, Pride Hill—never have I heard the like.) But to return for a moment to the Lion. This is a fine old house, with memories of coaches and kings, singers and politicians, and all the little side-lines of history.

It stands high up, well above the river-damp, for the Severn is apt to overflow at this time of the year, and Sabrina rolls her (by no means translucent) wave in a roaring yellow flood under the English Bridge. But the Lion is almost at the top of the town, near the spires of St. Mary's and St. Alkmund's and the tower of St. Julian's, where it forms a healthy and pleasant centre for exploring this old Royalist town, with its timbered houses and quaint passages and streets.

Another excellent hotel in Shrewsbury is the Raven, one of the Honywood Hotels, standing at the top of Castle Hill and easily discovered from the station. Close to it is the old castle and the original buildings of the schools, and the shop of Pailin, whom Barham called "the prince of cake-compounders." The hotel is very comfortable, and one gets there some of the best cold food that I know.

From Shrewsbury one can explore almost the whole county, large though it is, but to my mind the best country lies to the west and south, and if I wanted just warmth and scenery I think I should pick upon Church Stretton. Here one has the whole of the Long Mynd to explore, with its various "batches" or "cwms" running up its side. Each batch has its own beauty, and happy is he who can discover them severally before Easter.

On the other side of the valley stands the great cone of Caradoc, with its legends and, more recently, memories of the Ca'doc Wakes, when a barrel of beer was broached on the summit and the men threw cakes of their wives' baking down the sides for prizes.

Church Stretton has two good hotels, one called simply "The Hotel," the other the "Long Mynd." Both are extremely comfortable, and I am sure that anyone would be glad to spend a week or two using one of them as a base for walking or for basking.

Ludlow is, of course, a famous place to stay. The town is one of the most beautiful in England, and the view of the castle from beyond the river is superb. Here one may lodge at the Feathers, where Henry VIII's elder brother Arthur lodged as Prince of Wales. The house is a wonderful example of early Tudor architecture, and anyone who loves old oak and old carving will rejoice at the sight.

The castle has a long and varied history from the Middle Ages down to the days of Sir Henry Sidney, President of the Council of Wales—the man who stamped all the Government property under his control with his family badge, so that convicts' clothes and army lorries are to this day stamped with the broad arrow of the Sidneys.

But I digress. The Feathers is a charming old place and very comfortable. But it is not over large, and I warn intending visitors to ring up beforehand to make sure of their rooms.

At Craven Arms there is another small, but good, hotel called the Stokesay Castle Hotel. Incidentally, if you have not seen Stokesay Castle itself, you ought to do so, for it is quite well preserved and extremely interesting. From Craven Arms, too, one can easily explore the Corvedale, or on the other side penetrate to Bishops Castle and the Welsh border. Here you are in the country of the Plowdens and the Moores, and many a story will you get out of the shepherds over a can of ale in the Three Tuns.

But this side of Shropshire is chiefly a land of hills—hills to climb and walk on, with half a dozen counties spreading at your feet. And their little valleys are early, as I said before, to catch the first warmth of the spring.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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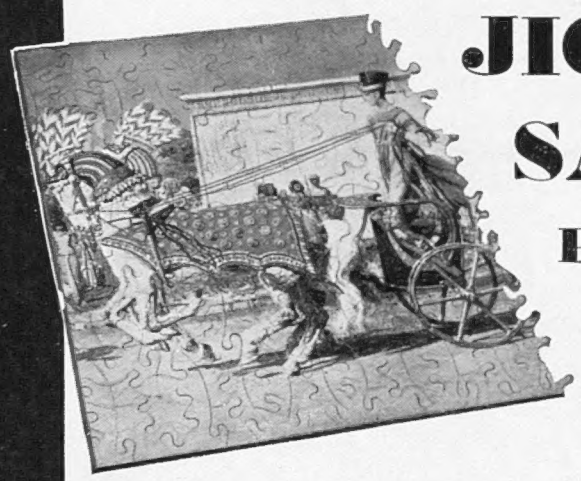
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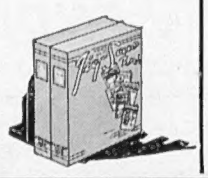

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The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Chislehurst.—Heatherbank Hotel.
Dorchester (Dorset).—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.).—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel. Telephone 2666.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—The Royal Glen Hotel. Phone: 221
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road. S.W.7.
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SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

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